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Attlee, Attlee über Alles

THE remarkable thing about the Labour decision on Germany was not the Executive's narrow victory: that was assured, once the opposition had been manoeuvred into having, as its only alternative, an absurdly naive "Left" resolution. It was that, despite all the official pressures of recent weeks and the studied imprecision of the official resolution, over three million votes were cast against the platform.

Nevertheless, for better or worse, the decision has been finally taken; and, while it is unlikely to have any effect on the future of Germany, it will have certain repercussions on the Labour Party leadership. The first is, paradoxically, that Mr. Morrison has lost ground as a result of his victory. He is believed by the rank-and-file of the Party to have been principally responsible for the intrigues which have made any rational discussion of Germany so difficult in the past eighteen months; and against him is turned much of the wrath of the embittered Constituency parties. Outside London, he has lost much of his former popularity, and his chances of succeeding to the Party leadership now look small.

Mr. Attlee, on the other hand, has once again gained in esteem at precisely the moment when his leadership seemed under heavy criticism. Adroit, as always, at sidestepping in the face of threats, he has satisfied the moderate Left by his firm utterances on Chiang Kai-shek and Formosa, while managing to give everybody the impression that his skilful advocacy of German rearmament has been reluctant and *faute de mieux*. His leadership at present is unassailable; and unless his health were to fail (there are no signs of this at present), he is most unlikely to resign in favour of Mr. Morrison. Indeed, not even the Right of the Party—impatient though it is of Mr. Attlee's desire to co-exist with the Left—any longer desires this. Shrewd operators like Mr. Deakin do not invest in worn-out racehorses, and it is the up and coming Mr. Gaitskell who now carries their money. Mr. Gaitskell, indeed, looks increasingly as if he is being groomed as Mr. Attlee's successor.

What, then, of Mr. Bevan? The narrow decision on Germany must be accounted a setback to his prestige, especially outside the Labour Party. So must the fact that a large number of Constituency parties preferred Mr. Gaitskell as Party Treasurer. But to understand Mr. Bevan's position, it is necessary to realise that his overwhelming defeat for the Treasurership was predetermined by the trade union leaders and well known in advance to everybody concerned. He contested the office because he had decided to leave the Executive. He had made that basic decision for two reasons: first because, as an Executive member he was gagged and unable to make an effective appeal to the rank-and-file—a position as intolerable to him temperamentally as it was unprofitable politically; secondly, because he was anxious to dramatise the contest, for an office virtually in the gift of the trade union leaders, between the Right-wing, public school "bureaucrat," backed by the upper-crust of the T.U.C., and the Left-wing, working-class "demagogue," backed, as Mr. Bevan believes, by the rank-and-file.

Mr. Bevan in fact has returned to the rank-and-file—to carry on his fight against the leadership unhampered by official gags, and not to enjoy the pleasures of silent anonymity. Meanwhile, his lieutenants, led by Mr. Harold Wilson, who could easily emerge during the next few years as Mr. Gaitskell's principal rival for the leadership, have been duly re-elected, and Mr. Anthony Greenwood, though never an intimate of Mr. Bevan, has been elected with an astonishingly high vote on a broadly Bevanite ticket. These six can be expected to carry on the tactical battle inside the leadership, while Mr. Bevan tries to marshal his legions outside.

Is Mr. Bevan's hazardous campaign a winnable one? It must be accepted

that the Right of the Party now holds the levers of power more firmly than ever before. A Party Executive, with Gaitskell and without Bevan, means that the handful of more Left-wing members will have an even more difficult task than hitherto to make their influence effective or their voices heard. Moreover, the history of the Labour Party reminds one that it is no easy matter for a man to return to the leadership once he has fallen out. That Mr. Bevan will keep himself in the public eye need not be doubted. The test will be whether he can continue to stand for something recognisable and politically significant. If he can, there is no reason why he should not exert a decisive influence on the mood of the Party from outside the leadership. His objective must be to create pressure inside the unions and the local parties which will enable the Left-wing *cadre* on the Executive to divert the course of Party policy. One thing has become abundantly clear in recent months: it is that Mr. Bevan is prepared to renounce office for himself altogether, if by doing so he can jerk the Party out of its present drift away from Socialism.

The Nine-Power Conference

Coming hard on the heels of Mr. Dulles's renewed threat of an American withdrawal from Europe, Mr Eden's dramatic announcement on Wednesday was clearly a desperate effort to save the Nine Power Conference from total failure. Except in the event of "an acute overseas emergency," he promised that Britain, for 44 years, would not reduce her forces on the Continent below four divisions and a tactical air force without the consent of a majority of the Brussels Pact nations. This is a big commitment—much more precise than Mr. Dulles's conditional promise of a "fair share" to be contributed to Western defence by the U.S.—and it should greatly assist M. Mendès-France in "selling" an agreement made in London to the Assembly—provided always that other points can be settled.

These points, as we write, are still substantial. M. Mendès-France is prepared only for a "packaged deal," in which an eventual German contribution to Nato forces would be subject to Brussels Pact (as opposed to U.S.-dominated Nato) control, and Western Germany gave an assurance that she had no "territorial claims." The awkward word "Saar" appears to have been dropped by M. Mendès-France into the proceedings on the very first day. Against this, the German-American line seems to be following closely the forecast which we made last week. It is to persuade the conference that Bonn should be given unconditional sovereignty forthwith, on the strength of Dr. Adenauer's assurances that Western Germany would subsequently be accommodating in the matter of "safeguards." Could M. Mendès-France sell such an agreement to the Assembly—even with the new British pledge? Clearly the "assurances" would have to be very substantial and specific before French opinion would endorse an interim settlement which would greatly increase Bonn's bargaining power when the limits of West Germany's armed forces came up for discussion.

Signor Scelba Reprieved

Unless the Chamber reverses the Senate vote of confidence—114 against 97—Signor Scelba has defeated for the moment the attempt of the Left to turn his Government out of office for "complicity" in the affair of Wilma Montesi's death. The reprieve thus secured by the Government was due to the fact that the Republicans and the small Centre groups all decided to vote "confidence" in the Premier—for the reason mainly that they were reluctant, on the eve of the London Conference, to see the Government overthrown by an attack which the Communist Party spearheaded. But though Signor Scelba delivered a vigorous defence, the Italian public seems unlikely to forget that, but for the activities of one journalist, the whole affair would probably have been hushed up. Whatever the parts played in the matter by the ex-Chiefs of Police, Pavone and Polito, there has been so much talk in Italy of corruption and political interference with justice that the Montesi case is having an effect as great as that of the Stravisky affair in inter-war France. The trial, when it is held, will be more than that of the arrested men: in the eyes of the public the whole governing caste in Italy will be arraigned.

Turmoil in Viet Nam

The new Government of South Viet Nam is a motley collection of men with esoteric beliefs and private armies. The Hoa-Hao and the Caodaist sects who have joined the Coalition were always for sale, and French politicians were glad enough to use their services against Ho Chi Minh. But Ngo Dinh Diem, the Premier, who is a sincere nationalist, a Catholic, and an honest man, can have no illusions that a country can be run by picturesque war-lords. Opposed to the Geneva Agreement, he none the less tried to implement it. When he found that his Chief of Staff, General Nguyen Van Hinh, was plotting against him, he ordered his dismissal. The General, knowing that he had the Army with him, refused to be dismissed, and a compromise was reached which saved the Prime Minister's face; the General agreed to take a diplomatic leave when and where he wished. But he publicly boasted that he could take over the Prime Minister's palace with the help of two of his officers. The Premier cannot rely on the Army; and the police are controlled by a paramilitary force, the Binh Xuyen—run by General Le Van Vien, an influential war-lord who backs Bao Dai. General Vien is the playboy Emperor's only reliable ally and has recently held talks with him in his Cannes hideout. The Caodaists, who now have several Ministries, have a private army and control territory in the north-west of Saigon with 1½ million people. The Hoa-Hao also have a private army and a million supporters in the south-west of the capital. But they have nothing to offer the thousands of refugees, mainly Catholics, who have come into South Viet Nam, and it is not surprising that Viet Minh propagandists are winning support for the idea that a referendum should be taken to choose between Ho Chi Minh and Bao Dai, without waiting for the promised elections.

SADISM FOR KIDS. *In response to requests, Mr. Kingsley Martin's article on Sadism for Kids, published in our issue of September 25, is being reprinted in leaflet form.*

Builders' Restrictive Practices

The Chairman of the London Builders' Conference has endeavoured to ride off the critical report of the Monopolies Commission by arguing that the activities of the Conference are negligible in relation to all the other "rings" in the building industry, beginning with the architects and ending with the operatives' trade union. There is, no doubt, a great deal of price-fixing among suppliers of building materials; and there are restrictive practices among the workers. Two blacks, however, do not make a white; and the Commission is to be congratulated in having compiled a useful addition to its dossier of trade practices which work, or might work, against the public interest. It finds that, before the war, the London Builders' Conference operated a Fair Price and Tendering scheme which cut right across the principle of free competition. Since November, 1952, the Fair Price scheme has been in suspense—there was, indeed, no justification in post-war conditions for any attempt to maintain minimum prices or to eliminate "uneconomic pricing"—but the Commission rightly takes exception to the Tendering scheme: "the tenders cease to be the independent offers they are held out to be." Whether or not the Conference has, in fact, had the result of raising generally the cost of building in London, its policy and tactics will continue to merit careful watching.

The Walbrook Controversy

The fact that the excavation of the Mithraic temple on the Walbrook site has so vividly caught the public imagination is greatly to the credit of the public. Nevertheless, the popular campaign to "save the temple" is based on sentiment which, if worthy, is largely uninformed, and takes little account of the real problems. One of these was fairly stated by the Minister of Works in a speech last Monday. It is cost. Who is to compensate owners of property who are hindered (or even totally frustrated) in otherwise desirable development plans? The price, whether expressed as a mere money figure, or in terms of delay and wasted effort, is high enough to make the Minister weigh carefully the real archæological value of a site before attempting to meet such a bill with public money. At present, the Ministry is giving grants of some £20,000 a year to help excavations in various parts of the country. At the same time £600,000 is being spent in the current year on preserving historic monuments. It could be argued that these sums ought to be larger; but somewhere the line must be drawn. In the case of the Walbrook site, it is clear that the discovery is of considerable importance as information. Thus, the plan of the Mithraeum, placed in its context in the map of Roman London, is real archæological treasure. The actual stones mean little enough; and, as archæologists emphasise, if they were shifted elsewhere, would mean nothing at all. Popular arguments for *preservation* tend to neglect the equal im-

portance of *recording*. Scientific recording is part of modern archæology; and, if the archæologists at Walbrook are given the time they need to complete their records, they should have little complaint.

PARIS

Inspector Dides' Last Case

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The least spectacular, but by no means the least important, achievement of M. Mendès-France's first three months in office has been a far-reaching reshuffle of senior civil service personnel. The French system of Ministerial *cabinets*, which enables Ministers to appoint their own personal advisers when a Government is formed, helped to make the transfer of power in June relatively smooth; but Mendès-France has since found it necessary to remove some of the key figures of the *ancien régime*. In his first month, he cleared up the somewhat Byzantine atmosphere M. Bidault left behind at the Quai d'Orsay, and this was followed, ten days ago, by important ambassadorial changes. Meanwhile, M. Mitterrand, his young and energetic Minister of the Interior, removed some of the less reliable Prefects, including M. Baylot, the Prefect of Police. The changes, which are not confined to these two Ministries, are still continuing (the latest head to roll in the dust is that of M. Maurice Nègre, a camp-follower of M. Bidault, who directed the Government-subsidised *Agence France Presse*) and they are likely to take another three months to complete. However, although this administrative revolution is being carried out gradually and with great discretion, it has already led to the discovery of some very curious skeletons in Ministerial cupboards. Of these, the most exciting is undoubtedly the case of Jean Dides, which a Paris comedian has described as "France's Answer to the Montesi Affair."

To begin with, it is important to bear in mind that only some of the facts of *l'Affaire Dides* are known, that it is still under investigation, and that the full story, for security reasons, will probably never be told. With these qualifications, however, a rough outline of the case can be pieced together. For practical purposes, the story began in the last weeks of the Laniel Government, when it was discovered that reports of a recent meeting of the National Defence Committee were in the hands of unauthorised individuals. M. Martinaud-Déplat, then Minister of the Interior, seems to have received this news with surprising equanimity. Instead of calling on the services of the D.S.T. (*La Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire*) he confided the investigation to the police, and—still more surprising—the files on this investigation were not to be found when the new Government took office later in the month.

The next episode took place at the beginning of July, during the Geneva Conference. M. Fouchet, the Gaullist Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, visited M. Mendès-France in Geneva and handed him a document whose source, according to press reports (now denied by the Minister) he "could not reveal." The document proved to be an exact transcript of a crucial meeting of the Defence Committee held on June 28. It was later discovered that other copies of the transcript were in the hands of politicians from the Opposition parties. M. Mendès-France immediately instructed M. Mitterrand to carry out a thorough investigation of the leakage through the D.S.T. On September 10, a further meeting of the Defence Committee was held; despite extraordinary security precautions, the D.S.T. reported on September 14 that full transcripts of the meeting were in the hands of a number of private and political organisations. By Friday, September 17, they had also established that a copy was in the possession of M. Dides, a senior police official and Commissioner for the Port of Paris. During that day, Dides' movements were watched; he visited a number of politicians and dined with an official from the American Embassy. The next morning he paid a call on M. Fouchet at his office. On leaving the building he was arrested (after a brief scuffle), and a copy of the transcript, which he admitted had been in his possession since the 14th, was found in his brief-case. He was thereupon questioned and suspended from duty.

M. Dides, it now emerged, was a man with a curious record. During the Occupation he worked both for Vichy and the Resistance, was subsequently tried before a police "purge" committee and acquitted. He was reinstated in the police force, lay low for a while and finally became confidential adviser to Gaullist Party Headquarters, where he was responsible to M. Fouchet. His superiors at the Prefecture do not appear to have regarded this political role as incompatible with his official duties. Indeed, M. Dides obtained rapid promotion. Jean Baylot, the new Prefect, appointed Dides to his personal *cabinet*, and M. Martinaud-Déplat later placed him in charge of a network of agents whose job was to obtain information about Communist activities. Among Dides' informers was a one-time Communist journalist called Baranès, who had served as a police spy in 1950-52, and had then been dropped as "unreliable." It is now known that Baranès gave Dides his transcript of the September 10 meeting, and that Dides also possessed a transcript of the June 28 meeting (almost certainly the one which came into M. Fouchet's possession). In other words, though Dides' sole official appointment, since July 3, had been Commissioner of the Port of Paris, he appears to have carried on his counter-espionage activities—but with one significant difference: he now reported to the Minister of Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, and not to the Minister of the Interior. For this breach of discipline he was suspended and his case is shortly to come before a Prefecture tribunal.

These, then, are the facts. They establish beyond any doubt that a serious security leak exists in the heart of the Government. But further conclusions to be drawn from them are more controversial. It seems fairly clear that Dides acted as a sort of clearing-house. Information and documents he received from his contacts in the C.P. were passed on to Right-wing politicians and anti-Communist organisations. In return for these, he supplied his contacts with information of interest to the C.P., designed to help them maintain their *bona fides* in the Party. Whether this latter information was genuine or not is unknown (some of the documents in circulation were certainly spurious), but in any case Dides appears to have played an ambiguous role. There is no suggestion, so far, that he was responsible for the leakages in the first place—indeed, the facts seem to prove the contrary—nor, it should be noted, has he been detained under arrest. Some Right-wing papers have therefore severely criticised M. Mitterrand's handling of the problem, and *Le Figaro* (which itself does a brisk trade in "inside information" about C.P. activities) has even accused the Government of breaking up the one effective counter-espionage organisation in the country. But it is too early, as yet, to assess the political implications of the affair. Since the first news of Dides' suspension, which provoked a protest from certain Right-wing city councillors, most French politicians have preserved an unaccustomed silence.

SCARBOROUGH

The "Ultras" and the Alternatives

Norman MacKenzie writes from the Labour Party Conference: Though the Labour Executive escaped defeat on German rearmament by a narrow majority, it could not win a political vote of confidence. The deep division remains within the Party: Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison know that if the Woodworkers—whose 129,000 votes account for the margin—had not been persuaded to reverse the clear decision of their annual conference, the party leadership would have suffered a serious defeat. If, indeed, Conference had not been forced to choose between the evasive emergency resolution and a composite motion so extreme that many opponents of German rearmament found it hard to accept, there is no doubt that the floor would have carried the day.

The Right wing of the Labour Party is now adopting the tactics that have served the platform so well at recent Trade Union Congresses. It is implicitly encouraging a wild Left to come forward in order to discredit all criticism. In this case, the Executive was almost too clever. Mr. Morrison—who attended the meeting which drafted the composite motion on German arms—could easily have ensured that, in addition to the "ultra" resolution proposed by the Foundry Workers, there was a composite motion which would have more accurately reflected the views of those who want a specific offer made to halt German rearmament in return for free elections. Such a draft resolution was proposed in the grouping committee, but voted down. It was only later that the Executive realised that there was a serious chance that the "ultra" resolution might be carried by Conference, and that, if it was, the Labour Party might be left without any realistic policy. If that *had* happened, Morrison and his supporters would have had themselves to blame.

The debate on Monday provided additional proof that there is now a solid block of opinion within the Labour Party which rejects the "ultras" of the Right and Left. On this occasion, there were two motions. The extreme Left demanded China's admission to Seato; but there was also a more moderate motion opposing any Asian security pact which "excludes any nation prepared to join." Despite Mr. Sam Watson's insistence that this would give China a permanent power of veto—whereas the motion only insisted that China should be permitted, if she wishes, to join in any security guarantees—more than 2.5 million votes were cast in its favour.

The obvious trend to seek a moderate alternative to the Executive policy is now too strong to be ignored. It suggests that dissatisfaction with the present course of Labour foreign policy in fact goes deeper than disagreement with the Executive on the specific issues of Germany and Seato, that there is now emerging a coherent challenge to the party leadership. The speech made by Mr. Callaghan in the Seato debate, and the sudden elevation of Mr. Anthony Greenwood to third place in the constituency list, are small but significant pointers in this direction. So, too, is the failure to shake any other important delegation than the Woodworkers, or to win over any mass votes in the course of the German debate by political argument (Mr. Attlee and Mr. Denis Healey), denunciations of fellow-travellers (Mr. Ernest Jones) or appeals to party loyalty (Mr. Morrison). Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison and their supporters escaped a humiliation on Tuesday which few delegates really wished to inflict on them: they were, however, given a clear warning that their position has seriously deteriorated in the last year.

Police Against the Publishers

LAST week two men described as "publishers" were sent to prison for nine and six months respectively by the Recorder of London for what was described in legal terms as "conspiring to publish obscene libels." Ordinary people, having studied the evidence, would describe the offence alleged against these persons as peddling dirty books; and the bluntness of everyday language exactly hits the mark. A week earlier, before the same judge, a world-famous firm of publishers, of unimpeachable good name, was also convicted of conspiring to publish an obscene libel. But, in this case, ordinary people would be hard put to it to say exactly what the offence was. For the offending book had been seriously reviewed by distinguished reviewers in reputable journals and had established itself in the circulating libraries without previous complaint. In effect, its offence was that a jury, under considerable pressure from the prosecution, came to the conclusion that parts of it could tend to "deprave and corrupt" those into whose hands it might fall—a characteristic it shared with many established works of art and literature.

The two cases seen together illustrate well enough the problem of obscenity. No subject is so difficult to discuss without hypocrisy. Those who avoid the Pecksniffian taint are apt to fall into Podsnappery. No one's motives are wholly "pure"; we all tend to think other people's enjoyments should be curtailed while safeguarding our own. The law reflects an uneasy conscience and a troubled mind. No strict definition of obscenity can stand logical scrutiny. Few will be disposed to defend the nineteenth-century legal test which defines it as anything that may tend to deprave and corrupt anybody open to such immoral influences. Mr. Justice Stable earned the gratitude of all of us in his summing-up in the case of *Regina vs. Warburg* last July when he pointed out that public taste must not be held at the level of the adolescent—or, he might have added, the fetichist and senile pervert.

Definition in this instance has erred by too great a precision. The truth is that there are no absolute canons in this field. Eliot wrote of Arnold and Emerson as the "guardians of unalterable law"—and this sense of certainty was a common enough nineteenth-century concept. But the "unalterable law" of the Victorians often makes as little sense to their great-grandchildren as it would have done to Swift, say, or the Restoration dramatists. Each generation sets its own standards of taste. Words pass beyond the pale of decency and return to common usage: events, which one generation will blush to hear, make normal Sunday reading to the next. Juries, assisted by reasonable judges, are better equipped than any other authority to judge what is permissible at any given moment. Freed from the need to base their view only on the dangers to the abnormal and the unstable, and so obliged to apply the test of their own common sense, they would be less likely than at present to be led into absurdities by judicial prejudice.

Some people, rightly anxious to safeguard the paramount claims of artistic freedom, have urged that since one man's obscenity may be another man's inspiration, the law should keep out of the matter altogether. As long as the State does what it can to protect children, they ask why need it also attempt to play the heavy father to adults? This is a good general approach to the question of book censorship. But it cannot be wholly applied, because every society "draws the line somewhere"; in point of fact, few people today would approve the unrestricted sale of the lowest types of sexual and sadistic reading matter in dirty bookshops. The line of division between the sex pedlar and the honest craftsman whose work may include passages offensive to prudes may not be precisely definable. But we know that the difference between art and pornography lies somewhere in the large territory between that which is produced merely to stimulate sexual interest and that which has a broader, artistic purpose. It is a question of "intent."

Once this is accepted—it is only within the last twenty years that judges have explicitly held intent in such cases to be irrelevant—and once it is recognised that obscenity is simply what each generation finds unacceptable, the problem begins to resolve itself. The mesh of the law is too coarse to make all these fine distinctions infallibly. But juries should have no more difficulty in distinguishing between the pornographic pedlars and the rest than they already face in a number of other criminal offences which are identified by intent. If the law were to be reformed in this sense, the literary pimps could still be sent (rightly) to jail. Whether it is necessary to create the lesser offence of "obscenity without intent to corrupt," in order to deal with decent publishers who accidentally violate current taste, is debatable. But in any event, these cases should never be confused with the criminal offence of living on the profits of calculated corruption.

No such reforms, however desirable in themselves, can deal satisfactorily with the problem of obscenity unless both the judges and the prosecuting authorities behave reasonably. We grant that society is entitled—and in some cases is under an obligation—to defend itself against what it regards as obscene. But censorship, however tolerant in form, will never be popular with the artist, who always constitutes himself the *avant garde* of public taste. It is thus natural that artists tend to range themselves against the institutions of society. The artist seeks to widen the bounds of public appreciation, while the police and the courts try to hold him in check. Both sides have their obligations and their rights; but power is concentrated on the side of the police. The absurd instances of recent weeks in which publishers of repute, like Mrs. Katherine Webb and Mr. Fredric Warburg, have been prosecuted alongside the dirty booksellers, have been partly occasioned by this failure to consider intent. But the essential absurdity lay in the decision to prosecute. It now seems clear that a puritanical and not very imaginative Home Secretary has ordered a rigorous campaign to "clean up" publishing. Certainly a number of recent prosecutions have been conducted with a dangerous lack of discrimination. This journal has emphatically urged more drastic police action against sadistic "comics." But society cannot afford, in its legitimate desire to protect children from perverts and to eliminate the commercial pornographer, to allow a new "Jix" to strike at reputable authors and publishers. The lack of judgment manifest in the present campaign is tending to make a laughing-stock, not only of the Home Secretary and those who advise him in the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions, but of the law itself.

The Battle for Men's Minds

DEMOCRACY grew up on the freedom of people to put their case and win supporters by simple word of mouth. This they are no longer able to do. Modern methods of communication, the "mass media," have taken away the audience for the unamplified voice. They have undermined the influence of the voluntary organisations, which, in the past, were responsible for the formation and spread of opinion. The effect of television on democracy may prove to be no less important than the effects of gunpowder or the spinning jenny or the internal combustion engine have been on the organisation of society. In 1895 Holyoake wrote a book for the guidance of that growing body of people who, he anticipated, would become speakers within the working-class movement. The work of the agitator, he said, was vital to society; it kept the currency of thought in circulation, it prevented the putrefaction of opinion. "As sure-footed democracy approaches," he wrote, "an increase of voices will be heard in the land." Today, however far afield we look, the voices are fewer and many of them are hardly being heard at all.

The Conservative Central Office are as much alive to what is happening as Transport House, but they react differently. The Conservatives give the impression of having lost interest in the public meeting, which is now little more than a means of getting space in local newspapers, or of exploiting the popularity of TV personalities. But television is different. The future of Conservatism, I have been assured, lies in the finding and training of the telegenic M.P. At Transport House, I am told, "You've just got to have meetings, but they must be organised more carefully." I was invited recently to a Regional Rally to be addressed by 11 M.P.s as an example of how things needed to be done in the future. In the event, several references were made from the platform to the success of the occasion: an audience of 500 half-filled the hall. The star speaker may since have reflected that if he speaks to such a gathering every weeknight until the end of his life he will not reach as many as he has done since by a single appearance on television. This is a phenomenon which concerns not only politicians. It calls for some examination of traditional methods of assembly and persuasion.

It was the religious bodies who opened up the battle for men's minds, who invented the word "propaganda" and created all the precedents for its use. The growth of the party system in the seventeenth century, and of voluntary associations in the nineteenth, set up within society a further rivalry of ideas that imposed on the committed an obligation to persuade, and on the uncommitted a need from time to time to make a choice. The distinctive development since then has been the growth of adult educational bodies aiming at a disciplined approach to ideas. Today these four media of enlightenment, the tap-roots of democracy, appear to be past their full vigour. It is usually assumed that there are several reasons for this: a loss of faith in God, the lessened pressure of poverty and social injustice, the Welfare State destroying the basis of voluntary effort, the best type of student worker being creamed off into the middle classes at the age of 11. More likely is the single explanation that they grew up and developed on techniques which have since been superseded by changes in the nature of our society.

These techniques—the organisational apparatus of democracy—are so customary to us that it is a shock to find that, when a Basuto in the Union of South Africa recently wished to found an organisation for African advancement, he col-

lected subscriptions but did not know what to do after that. The idea of forming a committee to run the association, or of holding public meetings with speakers, did not come within his experience. The long use of these techniques in the Western World is in some measure due to their being intimately associated with the early development of Christianity. It was natural, for instance, to Joseph Arch, organising the farm labourers of Warwickshire, to use a technique which came to him with a religious sanction and which had been so strikingly effective in an earlier society that had been rural and largely illiterate like his own.

> Not a circular had been sent out, nor a handbill printed, but from cottage to cottage, and from farm to farm, the word had been passed on . . . by this time the light had fallen pitch dark, but the men got lanterns and hung them upon bean poles. . . . I remember addressing over 400 in an orchard at Harbury. Sometimes we gathered under a tree, sometimes in a field; now it would be in an orchard, and the next night be by the roadside. We met by sunlight and moonlight and starlight and lantern light—the sun in the sky or the farthing dip—it was all one to the union man at that time.

Throughout the nineteenth century the public meeting, crowded and unanimous, becomes on many occasions an expression of the public will, in the absence of the franchise the only form of expression possible. At the meetings of the Chartists, the meetings before the passing of the Second Reform Bill, the campaigns of the Suffragettes, the number of police often exceeded the total audience a politician can expect today. At a less spectacular level the meeting becomes the *raison d'être* of the voluntary organisation. Co-operative Halls, Labour Halls, Temperance Halls are built throughout the industrial North to accommodate them, and for three or four generations attendance at political and similar meetings becomes a normal part of the routine of ordinary people.

There was some logic in Holyoake's expectation that, as the representative element in Government increased, so should the activities of the voluntary movements concerned with the spread of opinion. When he wrote, 25 years of compulsory education had brought the nation to the verge of universal literacy. But from about that time onwards a crescendo of inventions has mechanised the transmission of ideas—the linotype machine (1884), rotary photogravure (1895), the motion picture (1895), radio and television. The public is now able to get access to ideas without having to come together in groups. The age of oral communication and the public meeting is probably over.

Have all the mechanical inventions for communicating ideas really helped us towards an educated democracy? Certainly the expert, with his unique gift of simplification, and his authority, has been made available to all. More external stimulus reaches the ordinary man, he is better informed, he learns to think more readily, he becomes more interested in the world around, he is helped by visual images to understand problems and vicariously to share experiences that were formerly the privilege of a few. For the most part, however, the use made of the mass media has disappointed the prophets. To take one example, the enfranchisement of women coincided with the emergence of the popular illustrated magazine. To what extent have the women's magazines that dominate the bookstalls helped women with their new responsibilities? The answer is that those which enjoy any appreciable circulation are produced by commercial enterprise and appear to have been designed in terms of the intellectual limitations imposed on the Victorian woman. A serious purpose is no part of their appeal: they aim at diverting. Their political message is in their advertisements: the familiar association of happiness and success with the acquisition of wealth and social status. The stimulus to women to think about contemporary problems, or to play an active part in community life is restricted to the women's organisations and their few surviving journals, as gallant in their struggle and as deprived of influence as governesses in retirement. The woman's magazine is typical of all the mass media in offering an opportunity to business interest at the expense of voluntary organisation.

The issues at stake are the more serious because of the damaging effect, especially of television, on the political and religious and social organisations which traditionally give society its shape and cohesion. Six hundred years ago men had to come together in association for virtually every function of civilised life, whether it was hearing Holy Writ, listening to a story, or finding out about current happenings. The initiative and courage which men showed in forming their own groups and organisations have given shape and inner vitality to our democratic way of life. But in our age opinion forming is ceasing to be a matter of belonging to a group and taking part in its activities. We find out how our neighbours think by consulting the results of the Gallup Poll. Our ideas, like our food, come individually wrapped, and sterilised. In the comfort of his own home a man is less likely to be stimulated by ideas, more likely to prove vulnerable to suggestion.

The occasions on which people gather together have become professional in their management and meaningless in their content. The meeting to champion the cause of the coloured man, which a hundred and fifty years ago brought the nation to its feet, is today barely able to impinge on the public from the clamour of the hoardings, though Peter Wright has a message as urgent as that of Wilberforce. The dominance of sport and entertainment means that men rarely come together for the collective consideration of a problem. Politics and religion become *viewpoints*, no longer a form of activity. We do not live ourselves into our ideas. Hence, with the inanition of the public meeting, goes the inertia of trade union and co-operative membership and a decline in the quality of local government.

In the recent Jubilee celebrations of the Workers Educational Association enough attention was not perhaps paid to the social engineering which has made the work of this organisation so successful. Government money is paid for classes brought together by voluntary organisation and taught in political and other subjects by independent university teachers. It is by a study of this kind of arrangement that some way may eventually be found for the democratic management and control of the mass media. The solution for television may be found, perhaps, in competing corporations linked in some way with representative public opinion. Whether voluntary organisations themselves should seek to run television programmes or produce films is more doubtful. They have shown little success in this field in the past. They are hampered by lack of money, but more by their belief in the spiritual potential of the ordinary man: they are without the adroitness and the belief in professionalism of those who make a business of selling things. A certain success has been achieved, though in a restricted and negative way, by temperance and sabbatarian movements in making their influence felt on radio, films and the press. There is perhaps a place for an organisation with broader aims and with an understanding of the political and cultural implications of popular programmes, to act as watchdog in the interests of the consumer, of public taste, and of our liberal traditions. It is possible that such an organisation, making an appeal for voluntary service of an unusual kind, and skilfully using the mass media in an effort to control them, might exert an influence of the greatest importance.

The need to share important experiences in groups and congregations, to play an adult part in one's own affairs, has lasted long and goes deep and will not easily be lost. But it will require to find expression in a new way, appropriate to a literate, urban, sophisticated society. It is possible that the machinery of organisation may be changed, and that meetings will be smaller and more purposeful, and will provide opportunities for activity which is intellectually stimulating and directly related to the discharge of public affairs.

Our individual resourcefulness and our genius for constitution making are confronted with as grave a challenge as ever before in our history. The issue is delicate, and confused, and only partly understood, for in the intellectual sphere the doctrines of *laissez-faire* have remained respectable long after they have been discredited everywhere else. But the fact is that the new methods of communication demand central control by somebody, and the control of them, like the control of the army in times past, determines the seat of power within the State. In a totalitarian society they are an instrument of government. With us they are falling more and more under the influence of the owners of capital. The task, if democracy is to survive, is to put them into the hands of the people.

JOHN HOTCHKISS

London Diary

THE wonderfully representative Exhibition of Cezanne at the Tate only makes one wish more than ever that its affairs could be cleared up. I hear, however, that the National Gallery and Tate Gallery Bill is likely to be dropped for the time being. It was to be pushed through before the end of this Parliamentary Session. It was much attacked when introduced last winter in the Lords, and, in view of the fact that nothing has since been done to reassure the informed public about affairs at the Tate, it may well have been thought unwise to risk another debate just now. After all, no reply has yet been given to the quite explicit criticisms of Graham Sutherland; yet he was senior Trustee and resigned in protest. We still await the Report which must presumably deal fully with his charges. Nor have we received any reply to our article of August 28. The point of the Bill is to give the Tate the independent status everyone feels it should have as soon as its affairs have been put in order. The Bill will also legalise the practice, which seems to have grown somewhat untidily during and since the war, of distributing Gallery pictures to Government offices and official residences. It is worth mentioning that the Trustees themselves have not wished to maintain the power of loan, except for purposes of public exhibitions; they made representations to this effect to the Treasury, which ignored them. To me, it would seem a question of *how many* Gallery pictures are being withheld from the public. The number should, surely, be strictly limited. The trustees rightly object to having a large number of valuable works of art, under their care, sent hither and thither about the Commonwealth (which would be possible under the new Bill) and in the

wastes of Whitehall. On the other hand, no one would grudge Sir Winston Churchill having a picture or two by other masters hanging at 10 Downing Street.

* * *

Just why an Englishman should be represented in African statuary with the tails of his shirt outside his trousers, I don't know. This particular statue is on show at the Berkeley Galleries in an exhibition designed to let the English know how we have appeared to primitive people. By way of contrast, another wooden statue of great elegance shows Kitchener as immensely tall, thin, and distinguished. The most popular figures will certainly be those of Queen Victoria. If you turn Her Majesty upside down, you will find that she is wearing black boots. This, Sir Ronald Storrs explained, is a sign of respect, since footwear implied social distinction. But, best of all, is a wooden statue of an official from the Belgian Congo, who sits on a stool and reads. He looks nearly as modest and saintly as a West African missionary in a similar posture. English people of imagination—and there have been quite a number amongst Empire builders—can learn a lot from this exhibition about the impact of White civilisation on Africa. Things that struck the imagination of African artists have been boots, bikes, and books. The particular charm of the exhibition is that these artists were obviously quite unselfconscious, not thinking either of a market or of whether anybody would like what they did. They were just expressing, with their traditional skill, the really surprising and sometimes ludicrous impressions that White men—and women—made upon them.

* * *

I fear that today the South African artist would make something very different of the White man. Contact no longer brings feelings of surprise and respect; there would be no affectionate carvings of black boots and books of wisdom. Residents in Africa who try to know what the *untermenschen* are thinking are often wildly wrong. I heard a good example of this from Canon Collins after his return from South Africa. He has now had the courage to take the Central Hall, Westminster (on October 6 at 7.15), in order to let people know the position as he found it. I like particularly his story of speaking to a meeting of forty African clergy. A church dignitary who was with him thought that none of these Ministers would be members of the African Congress. But when asked, all but one of the forty enthusiastically showed a Congress membership card. They explained that if they were not members of Congress "they would have no congregations to preach to." The church dignitary said that he had learnt more in half an hour about the African clergy than in five years' previous experience. At present, this Congress movement, inevitably nationalist and racially conscious, is also peaceful. There have been cases already in which Africans imitated the Gandhi technique of lying on the ground and allowing themselves to be beaten up. But no one believes that this situation will last very long in South Africa. A prominent South African politician with whom I talked the other day declared that he had no doubt whatever that the policy of the Government was to provoke Africans into violence, so that it would have an excuse to shoot them into submission.

* * *

During the last war large quantities of high explosives and poison gas were stocked in the sparsely populated Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire. This partly explains why the local inhabitants are making such a rumpus about the Government decision that atomic waste may be dumped in the disused mineshafts of the Forest. Some also suspect a plot to "shut down" the few mines that are still worked—even if rather uneconomically—and so force the miners to move to a more "efficient" area. Probably most of this is irrelevant or misunderstood, but the fact remains that almost the whole district is united in its suspicion and resentment. The Ministry of Housing and Local Government blundered by authorising the dumping without adequate local consultation. Then, to meet the ensuing protests, a conference was arranged a few weeks ago between local spokesmen and experts from Harwell, including the Director, Sir John Cockcroft himself. ("If there wasn't something fishy about it, why did he bother to come?") Sir John brought a radio-activity detector ("a box of tricks") with him, and proceeded to show that we are all being bombarded every second by 30,000 electrons and other particles from the atmosphere. This did as little to reassure his audience as the geologist's expert promise that the contaminated material could not infect water supplies or seep through to any of the mines still being worked—and that even if it did it would not be harmful. The miners replied that they knew the geology of the Forest better than any expert. It is even rumoured that if the Government persists, the miners, backed by those of South Wales, will strike.

* * *

Myxomatosis, has now even reached scattered parts of Scotland, remote from Kent and Sussex where it started, originally by natural spread of infection from France. The spread elsewhere has often been deliberate—through farmers importing diseased animals from the infected warrens. But there are signs that the disease, so far from reducing the rabbit population, is now increasing it. Because the public has been put off rabbit meat by the reports, trapping for a pot has practically stopped. Consequently, since the areas of disease are patchy, the healthy rabbit population elsewhere is multiplying. Britain has all the disadvantages of the disease and none of the economic benefits which have accrued in Australia—to the tune of about £50,000,000 a year in increased agricultural production. Some people, therefore, want a systematic spreading of the disease here, with the help of scientific devices to revitalise the virus when the rabbits develop immunity.

Dr. Christopher Andrewes, F.R.S., of the National Institute for Medical Research, our leading virologist, argues that this might be humane. He describes, in *Nature*, the horrible death of the infected rabbit. Local epidemics are killing, in this unpleasant fashion, only hundreds of rabbits. "No official or unofficial action of man can possibly stop the disease," says Dr. Andrewes. "Maximum suffering over a long period will be caused if the disease keeps going round the country like a travelling circus." Therefore all rabbits ought to be simultaneously infected in accordance with "our very natural wish to inflict the least possible suffering to the rabbits." The "least possible," of course, applies to the statistical, not the actual, rabbit.

Even if the annihilation were complete, however, many ecologists doubt the wisdom of it. Rabbit genocide reintroduces familiar arguments about "the balance of nature." In Australia, the rabbit was an import and no part of the balance of nature. Its complete elimination here may start a whole chain of consequences. Already in districts where the disease has got hold the foxes, stoats and weasels, deprived of wild rabbits, are preying heavily on farm animals. I expect soon to hear snorts from many an M.F.H. when the farmers begin seriously to shoot the foxes.

* * *

Cartoonists, Right and Left, have been having a good time at Scarborough. I particularly enjoyed Low's *Manchester Guardian* pictures of Attlee waiting for the traffic signal which shows both Stop and Go, and of Bevan and Desmond Donnelly "trying to poke out each other's eye." Vicky's political acumen has never been seen to better advantage than in his *Daily Mirror* cartoon of September 29. It showed Herbert Morrison speaking on German rearmament "without fear of contradiction from this platform," while at his side sit five Bevanite members of the Executive, gagged and bound, with little but their furious eyebrows showing above their bandages. This tells more of the truth about Nye Bevan's reasons for leaving the Executive than any of the dense and humourless sermons written about him in the pontifical press. I am looking forward to Vicky's pictures of the Conservatives in conference at Blackpool.

CRITIC

ANGEL VOICES

The censure of the Senate may administer a smack
To America's most truculent and contumacious Mac,
But is McCarthy finished, or all set for hitting back?
That all depends, of course, upon Wisconsin.

The Senator's indictment may be vigorous and tough,
Applauded by the citizens McCarthy treated rough,
But the verdict of the Senators will hardly be enough
To scarify Republican Wisconsin.

The Senators in session may a vote of censure pass,
On breaches of procedure and insults to High Brass,
Judge the manners of McCarthy as distinctly lower-class,
But that's the way they like it in Wisconsin.

The Democratic press may say McCarthy's down and out,
That cohorts of McCarthyites have all been put to rout—
The honour of the Senator America may doubt,
But America must reckon with Wisconsin.

The Democrats may celebrate McCarthy's knock-out blow,
The Liberals may prophesy his head is bending low,
But if the angel voices now are calling "Poor old Joe"
They may not hear the angels in Wisconsin.

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My little girl wrote: "The farmer said 'Let's start now.'" Teacher altered it to: "The farmer suggested that we commenced at once."—*Sunday Express.* (L. Morris.)

It would indeed be a tragedy if all the schools of the country should one day become free schools, for the spirit of the fee-charging public and private schools is the spirit in which the Battle of Britain was fought and has been written in history.—Letter in *Richmond and Twickenham Times.* (W. G. Brown.)

I have owned dogs for 30 years. They have always eaten from our plates, slept on our beds and jumped on the table and sniffed the food. Yet our family have grown up strong and healthy and my own family before them under the same conditions.—Letter in *News Chronicle.* (Marjorie Jolley.)

I was invited to a ball. All I had to wear was a blouse and skirt. Imagine my surprise when a gentleman of high rank walked past all the evening dresses and asked me for a dance!—Letter in *Woman's Own.* (D. Finlayson.)

From Vicky's Scarborough Notebook

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The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy
Edited by Sydney E. Hooper

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Thoughts in the Wilderness

Sacred White Elephants

Not long ago, a song had to be cut out of the revue, *Light Fantastic*, by order of the Lord Chamberlain. I happened to read the lyric—or most of it—and it described the plight of Mr. Eden—

Thirty-odd years of frustrated desire
Waiting for senior men to retire. . . .

It seemed very mild satire, not to be compared with the Britten number at the Court Theatre or with what has been done to many of us in our time. There is, however, one important difference. The victim of this lyric is a politician, and the time has arrived when we must not poke fun at politicians. They can be rough with us but we must not be rough with them. They are the sacred white elephants of our era.

If you do not like the world we are living in now, please remember that it is largely the creation of politicians, with some help from the bureaucrats they command. They spend much of their time trying to make us forget this. They have a trick of suggesting that by prodigies of statesmanlike thought and action, they will shortly rescue us from the pits into which we have so carelessly fallen. It is never suggested that they dug the pits and perhaps pushed us in. If the news is bad, somehow it is our fault but they will do their best for us. If the news is better, we owe it to them.

Chancellors of the Exchequer, smirking at you on Budget Day, are afraid they "cannot give you much this time." It does not seem to occur to them that they have never given us anything, that they are talking about our money and not theirs. There was a time when the House of Commons was there to give grudging consent to taxes being raised, duties levied, and public money being spent. Now it is filled with men who decide what they would like to spend and then compel us to find the money. In a sensible age we should decide what the Government was worth, allot it so much money and tell it to make that do. But we cannot do that because we are now kept permanently terrified. It is our money or our life.

I do not blame our politicians for asking more pay for themselves, not when prices are always rising. But not one of them, including a Prime Minister who calls himself an author, has had the decency to raise the question of Civil List pensions, those awards for distinguished service to the community. They are now on a scale that will barely keep an elderly man or woman alive. An artist in his prosperous days might pay enough in taxes to maintain a dozen politicians, but if later, weary and out of favour, he should face destitution, these same fellows will toss him two hundred a year and ask for his gratitude. Monarchs whose meanness was legendary did better than this. But then the political view is that we do not need artists. If we are in search of styles, wit and humour, we can read *Hansard*. The clashes between Messrs. Butler, Macmillan, Attlee and Bevan offer us all the drama we need. Sir Winston can supply both watercolours and oils.

We should remember that Communist leaders are politicians too. They are politicians with the lid off. They have arrived where most of our politicians would like to be. They are wiser, stronger, handsomer, than any other human beings who ever lived; they know more about all the arts than the artists; they can dictate philosophy to the philosophers before breakfast; their portraits, as the world's noblest benefactors, must be hung everywhere so that the happy people can stare at them through a mist of tearful gratitude. In short, with some help from the secret police, they have succeeded in putting over the greatest confidence-trick swindle of all time.

Our politicians may have no such conceit of themselves, but already they must not be laughed at, and are as deeply concerned about their rights and privileges as they are indifferent to so many of ours. I am under the impression that even here the gap between the politician and the ordinary fool of a citizen is widening all the time. One makes the rules, and the other obeys them. If everybody had to obey them, there might be fewer rules. I should like to see some of the people who insist upon our having passports, visas, currency control, fall in at the end of the queue instead of walking past it, smiling and free. Notice how, having made most forms of travel as difficult as possible for ordinary citizens, the politicians seem to do more and more travelling, chiefly at somebody else's expense.

Notice, too, how the politician is now the representative man, the chief exhibit. It is possible to imagine that foreigners, interested in Britain and the British, might like to meet such Britons as Vaughan Williams, Augustus John, Bliss, Walton, Henry Moore, Bertrand Russell, Walter de la Mare, Joyce Cary, Graham Greene, Benjamin Britten, and so on and so forth. But whether they are visiting us here or entertaining us at home, these interested foreigners get politicians, almost every time. If not senior and important politicians, then back-benchers will have to do, however dim and dreary. The member for North Coketown can represent the island race. For after all, the argument must run, even the dimmest and dreariest politician is more important, more truly representative, than anybody else. If the encounter is not political, then what is it? Nothing worth mentioning.

Have you ever, my dear voter, my dear taxpayer, my dear innocent, sat at a dining table with politicians of different parties, men ready to denounce one another at the drop of a chairman's hand? It is an illuminating experience. The real gulf is not between them but between you and them. It is you they do not understand nor want to understand. They are close to and delighted with one another. They live in the same cosy world. They face the same professional problems, suffer from the same occupational diseases, talk more or less the same claptrap. They admire one another. No doubt the economics of the other side are unsound, the foreign policy dubious—but what brilliance, what wit, what noble eloquence, what magnificent service to the country!

In a world shaped and coloured more and more by politicians, the nations meet politically—and hardly any other way—to settle their differences. It is hard going. It could not be anything else. Men who have spent most of their adult lives plotting and jockeying for place and power meet other men who have been doing the same thing, all of them riddled with the same occupational disease. After looking specially stern and noble—or confident and smiling—for the photographers, these harassed men climb into aircraft, to be dropped down to argue with other politicians in expensive villas, chiefly paid for by men who can no longer afford a second pair of shoes. Day and night they toil to bring us peace, a chance of lasting prosperity. I do not doubt their sincerity. But I cannot help wondering sometimes if the wrong people are not trying to

do the job, if it might not be better if some other people were given *carte blanche* to have a good try. These other people might not be accustomed to thinking in terms of power and conflict, might not be condemned to pursue policies that must result in an evitable clash, might just want to have done with the whole weary business so that *they could get on with something else.*

I know the politician says he wants to get on with something else. But often he has been dipped too deep. He no longer knows what that something else could be. He cannot imagine any other mode of life. And men who have long pursued and then enjoyed power cannot bear to lose it. Here even the emperors—a Tiberius, a Diocletian, a Charles the Fifth—made a better showing than the politicians, who cling to power though their hands are trembling claws. If they let go, they feel their real life is over. They may tell us—and themselves—that they look forward to obscurity and a rose garden; but the world that lights them up in the centre of the stage, that hangs upon their pronouncements, that rushes them here and there to save the situation at the last moment, that offers them platforms, conferences, midnight intrigues, an excited press, unnumbered followers, power and glory, is the true mirror of their mind and heart.

This is one reason why we now live in a world of crises, of scare headlines, of sudden alarms and deepening uncertainties. The ordinary sensible citizen, who does not want power and glory but a quiet life, has less and less control over this world. It is one he never made. It does not reflect him at all. But whatever he may say, the careerist politician is completely and happily at home in it. In his heart of hearts he does not really want to change it. Consciously he may desire peace, quiet, an easy prosperity from here to Harbin; but there must be times when his unconscious clamours for more and more crises, either abroad or at home, a world in tumult, a civilisation he can be busy saving while indulging himself royally. It has often been observed that the Communist leaders, while they may not actually want war, have no genuine desire for the peaceful settlements, the safe and friendly world, they are always talking about. Quite so. But then the Communist leaders are professional politicians with the lid off.

Take all these politicians out of this crisis atmosphere, or out of the game and gambles and improvised dramas of party politics, and see how naked they look. Where are the insights, the long views, the wisdom? Remove from their speeches the immediate irritants, the play on prejudices and fears, the doses of soothing syrup, and what have you left? Read the pitiful books they write, chapter after chapter of platitude, catchphrases and claptrap, so that you wonder how they can imagine such stuff can match the dignity they claim. Where among them, in any major country, do you find even the ghost of an idea for saving our civilisation? During these last few years I have read and heard much—thank God—that made me feel there is still a hope for us, but never once was it a politician who was writing or talking.

I shall be told I am asking too much from men in the dusty arena of affairs. But I am taking them at their own valuation. On that level they condemn themselves. There was a time when politicians made no great claims; they attended as best they could to the nation's housekeeping and security; they made no pretence of being the representative men of their age; they did not tell other men how they ought to live, nor consider themselves entitled to all manner of special privileges, nor demand everybody's respectful attention all the time. But the Communists, in whose lives politics are the cancer, have set the pace for our world If the Reds have leaders fifty feet tall, then we anti-Reds must have giant leaders too, ten feet this year, twenty feet next; and all the time for the rest of us the barbed wire rises and more and more gates are slammed in our faces.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Putney Towers

ON the eastern fringe of Putney Common, and at the summit of the long hill climbing from the Thames, there is a new landmark. Slender and beyond cavil beautiful, its concrete facing relieved by large windows, it rises a hundred feet above Park Side. It is a block of flats; and I will wager that a foreigner, with memories of Auteuil or Washington Heights, would take them to be luxury flats, and would merely comment that taste is improving among the rich of England. If he strolled round the block itself, he would notice the name of "Oatlands Court" blazoned over the spacious entrance. He would see that there are only three flats on each of the eleven floors, so that every flat has a view; discover that the L-shaped plan provides big open landings; and conclude quite rightly that this is the work of a group of Britain's most talented and forward-looking architects. If he took the lift to the highest landing he would be entranced by the view west over the Common and beyond to Surrey, north across the river to the hills about Harrow, and east of a panorama reaching to St. Paul's. Unless he knocked at a door, he would never know that they were allotted to names on the L.C.C. waiting list and rented at an inclusive figure of thirty-seven and sixpence.

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to trace it we might take our visitor round London, starting with any example of L.C.C. housing built in the Thirties. Decent and dull, he would say of those red-brick, five-storey blocks staring at identical blocks across asphalt courts; much better than slums, but nobody's dream house. An immediately post-war estate would evoke the same comment. The dividing line is 1950, when, the first clamour for a roof of any sort stilled, the L.C.C. transferred responsibility for design from the Director of Housing to the Chief Architect. We might go to Pimlico, or to Ashburton Estate, the first (1952) section of the Putney development. Here the visitor would welcome real architecture—a likeable and thoughtfully planned layout; imagination in the use of materials, with yellow bricks, plenty of glass, and vivid contrasts in paint; care and variety where doorways, balconies, and grassed spaces are concerned; and new conveniences such as lifts, laundry rooms, and modern heating plants. But there would still be a remnant of monotony, the undramatic skyline and the corner that reveals nothing new, the sense of being cramped that persists even when you are told the satisfactory density figure of a hundred to the acre. The foreigner might put his finger on the cause—all the blocks are five storeys high.

If he did, he would have reached the same conclusion as the architects at County Hall. Putney presented them with a golden opportunity. When the various schemes are completed in 1958, 5,500 dwellings will have been built, mainly on land that has been sparsely used; Ashburton Estate, sloping south from the Common, will house four thousand people where four mansions once stood. At Ackroyd Estate, which includes Oatlands Court, the change is less striking, but the site takes in a large and pleasant garden, complete with lake, laid out by Paxton. Of the alternative plans considered here, the one based on five-storey blocks meant filling in the lake and building all over the garden. The plan adopted preserves them.

The ruling idea is a combination of high and low building. There are three eleven-storey towers and on the biggest site, where building has just begun—between the Portsmouth Road and Roehampton Village—there will be a dozen. These are intended for small families, or families whose children are growing up. For the larger and younger families, no building has more than four storeys. There are quite a lot of houses; there are trim smallish blocks of flats three high; there are maisonettes, either placed above a flat, which gives three floors, or above another maisonette, the only combination which gives four. This plan has retained an astonishing amount of open space and most of the magnificent cedars and other trees that grace the neighbourhood. It provides as many houses and maisonettes as possible, and for the rest builds flats with all the advantages of height and quietness. When the rival plans for Ackroyd Estate were being weighed, the traditionalists maintained that ordinary Londoners would refuse to live a hundred feet off the ground. In the event, the families who had first pick plumbed for the higher floors, and the lower flats took rather longer to let.

A third effect of the new policy is to leave standing a number of older houses which would otherwise have been bought and demolished. Many of these houses are pretty hideous; but, say the architects, that is not the point. For though planners may enjoy feeling like pioneers, tenants do not. They like to feel that they are still living in London and not in an outpost planted in virgin soil. A pleasing touch is a summerhouse fifty yards from Oatlands Court. It had no function once the mansion which had occupied the site had vanished. But the L.C.C. didn't pull it down; they put a new thatch on it, and the children have made it their own.

The fact that (except at Ashburton) L.C.C. flats are jumbled with middle-class houses leads to a social jumbling that may make Putney a favourite haunt of the mass-observer. The snobs are moving out, and Park Side is thick with removal vans. Those who move in are evidently not snobs, but to afford the prices, even after the drop, they must be middle-class. It is pleasant, by the way, to report that—in contrast to some other parts of London where the builders are busy—protests from the older residents have been muted and mainly confined to reasonable anxieties such as the need for extra bus services.

But this leads to a further question. To my mind—and I hope readers will see for themselves—what the L.C.C. is building, both the "tower" flats and the maisonettes, beats private enterprise hollow for sheer quality and desirability, just as surely as the Pimlico flats make Dolphin Square look silly. I do know that if a top flat at Oatlands Court were on the market, and if I could afford what a private landlord would ask for it, I should readily pay it. The doctor or solicitor or grocery manager who wants to live in the new neighbourhood may well agree with me. If any of them really dislike being tenants, freehold houses are available for sale. This makes me wonder if there is any point in the L.C.C.'s practice of building a proportion of higher-rented homes for the "middle income groups." Hasn't the average standard of housing risen to the point where a second standard can give no advantage, other than a greater number of square feet of space which no authority is under a social obligation to provide for what may well be a smaller family? If so, are we not missing a chance to create genuine social equality?

I know that this would mean some hard thinking about rents. In general the middle classes can pay a lot more than 37*s.* 6*d.*, a figure which is held down by subsidy. On the other hand, the working-class families who make up the waiting list—those who have four small children instead of a boy of sixteen starting work—find that sum a worry. Lower-paid workers have turned down chances to move to Putney, especially when their place of work means heavy fares. There may be a case here, many as are the difficulties in a country accustomed to equal charges for equal value, for trying out the system adopted in some Continental countries and assessing rent as a percentage of income.

MERVYN JONES

A Man May Not Marry His . . .

YOUR correspondent, telephoning from "The Twelve Commandments," a charming little public house not a hundred yards from the gates of Lambeth Palace, reports that deep concern has been caused in that edifice by an examination of the quarterly report of the Archbishops' Standing Committee on Church Marriage. This highly technical and still secret report, signed by Prebendary Palk, D.D., the biggest troublemaker in the whole Anglican Confession, emphasises certain deficiencies in the *Table of Kindred and Affinity*—a legal document which your correspondent in his childhood used to study attentively during sermon time as a relaxation from the ardours of the Litany, and on which he is still something of an expert.

Half an hour ago, the bald and booming Prebendary unbosomed himself to your correspondent, who had invited him to a double gin-and-lime in the discreet bar-parlour. "The Church," he said, "has hitherto been content to accept *Genesis* i. 27: 'male and female created He them' as definitive; to believe that every human being is predestined before birth to one sex or the other. Insufficient credit has been given, however, to the mystery and evolutionary wonder of the Divine Scheme, and the remarkable skill with which, ahem, Providence has been pleased to endow certain outstanding surgeons and physicians. It has now been proved that a man or woman, even after consummating his or her marriage by an act of procreation, may experience a partial change of

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sex which these physicians and surgeons are empowered to make total."

Pressed tactfully by your correspondent, the Prebendary enlarged on this theme. "The Standing Committee," he allowed himself to be quoted as saying, "are by no means satisfied that the prohibited degrees listed in the *Table of Kindred and Affinity* have been defined with sufficient exactitude to prevent what may seem—I must emphasise, *seem*—scandalous marriages from taking place: unions which are, *prima facie*, incestuous in spirit, if not in letter. It is, for instance, a law of almost platitudinous force that a man may not marry his deceased wife's grandmother, nor (as he may be more readily tempted to do, if his grandfather has married a young girl and left her all the family cash) his deceased grandfather's wife. Yet since a certificate, signed by two or three qualified doctors and approved by a magistrate, now enables a man legally to register himself at Somerset House as a woman, what—pray, tell me—prevents him, as the Law stands, from marrying his deceased wife's grandfather, or his own grandmother's husband who may well be in his vigorous sixties?"

"Provided always that there is no consanguinity, and the spouses evince a genuine desire for the procreation of children," your correspondent put in, sympathetically but doubtfully, from behind a pink gin.

"Quite, quite," agreed the Prebendary, who is, by the way, a confirmed bachelor. "Though in a civil marriage, you know, the registrar does not insist on the moral safeguard you very properly mention. But the question arises: ought such a marriage, even between Christians of the highest principles and the deepest affection for each other, to be solemnised in a Church? What troubles us Committee-men is that, if such a man, now legally a woman, has been christened as a man, and if, worse—or I should say 'better,' I suppose—he has solemnised a Church marriage and begotten children on his wife now deceased, he must necessarily remain a male in the Church's sight, since these sacraments cannot be annulled or disregarded, even if the subject becomes a declared renegade to the faith. This consideration implies that in accordance with 1 *Corinthians* xi. 10, he would be obliged to appear in church with his head uncovered."

"Don't let a little thing like that trouble you, Prebendary. In these days of empty pews, parsons admit women bareheaded, barefooted and even in two-piece bathing suits. Besides, ritualistic changes of sex among physically normal women are already legalised in this country."

"Ha! How's that?" he asked sharply.

"Well," explained your correspondent. "One Sunday, Jane Doe, a Bishop's daughter, greets the Queen with a low curtsey when, as Head of the Church, she lays the foundation stone of a new cathedral. On the following Sunday, the same Jane Doe, a sergeant-major in the W.R.A.C. assists at a Church Parade and salutes the Queen as her Colonel-in-Chief. The salute is, in theory, a removal of the hat, which Jane Doe performs as an honorary man, but which would have been forbidden her, as a Bishop's daughter, on the previous Sunday."

Here the Prebendary tried to argue the toss, but your correspondent reminded him that the symbolic removal of the hat is emphasised by Queen's Regulations, which make it a punishable offence to salute bare-headed. Prebendary Palk then grunted with less than conviction, and returned to his marriage hypothesis. "Granted that the Divine Law, as starkly laid down in *Leviticus* xx. 13, prevents the Church from recognising a physical union between man and man; yet if one partner in this union be physically a female, is not the spirit of the Law observed? And would this spirit not be flouted were the union one between a woman who was legally and physically a man, and a man who had retained his physical male nature?" Your correspondent was obliged to agree that, in his opinion, flouting would have occurred.

"And, to take an extreme instance, what of a marriage solemnised in Church between a man who has been physically and legally, but not spiritually, changed to a woman, and a woman who has been physically and legally, but not spiritually, changed to a man? I can see no possible moral objection to a match of this sort, because the spouses belong to opposite sexes whichever way you look at it. But, if the ex-woman proves her intrinsic masculinity by begetting children on the ex-man, and if the ex-man proves his intrinsic femininity by bearing and suckling these, to which of the two are the offspring to yield obedience as the spiritual male authority (*Genesis* iii. 16) in the household? And which of the two should be churched after the birth of each legitimate offspring?"

"Search me," replied your correspondent gravely, signing to the tapster, who at once refilled the Prebendary's glass. "Perhaps the decision would be better left to the individual conscience?"

"These are indeed thorny problems," declared Prebendary Palk, "but they must be resolutely faced, and not only by the Protestant Churches. Heaven knows what the Vatican reaction will be, but only yesterday I was talking to a Greek Orthodox dignitary—the Lesbian Patriarch in point of fact . . . ."

"Off record," interrupted your correspondent boldly, "what counsel would you give to a legalised ex-man if he were to fall honourably in love with his deceased grandmother's husband and find his feelings tenderly reciprocated?"

"Strictly off record," the Prebendary answered with a non-ecclesiastical chuckle, "I should advise him to get on with it while the going is good, publish the banns in a remote parish, and not disclose the relationship to the officiating priest. It is, after all, as the Chief of Sinners pointed out, better to marry than to burn; and whatever legislation may be called for will not retrospectively illegitimise the offspring of such a union—we can promise your friend that."

"I assure you, the case is quite hypothetical," your correspondent stammered, meeting the Prebendary's shrewdly curious gaze with some embarrassment.

ROBERT GRAVES

The Arts and Entertainment

NELSON

THE appeal of Nelson as a subject for opera is easy to understand. It would be hard to name another famous Englishman so like an operatic tenor as our national hero, adored by his men and idolised all over Europe, vain, excitable, magnetic, and a great lover into the bargain. As for Lady Hamilton, that famous beauty is a dramatic soprano ready made—and indeed actually was an actress and soprano of sorts. But if Nelson and his Emma are thoroughly operatic creatures, what about Sir William? A complacent husband, a *ménage à trois*; these are hardly the stuff of grand opera. Moreover, it is always a decided convenience, to say the least, if an operatic hero and heroine can contrive to die together, or at any rate in rapid succession. Poor Emma survived Nelson's highly dramatic end by ten wretched years of decline and debt. Lennox Berkeley and Alan Pryce-Jones, the composer and librettist respectively of *Nelson*, which was produced last week at Sadler's Wells, must soon have discovered the operatic drawbacks of this romantic episode in our history.

What was to be done? A bold, bad 19th-century librettist would have snapped his fingers at history, turned Sir William into a fiercely jealous baritone, and polished off Emma (by grief or suicide) immediately after her receipt of the news of Trafalgar. For a sober modern writer, dealing with a national figure, such delightfully simple solutions are out of the question. Obliged to discover conflict somewhere, Mr. Pryce-Jones has, however, taken one considerable licence. At the climax of his second act he shows us Nelson in his country retreat at Merton, torn between love and patriotic duty, another Antony

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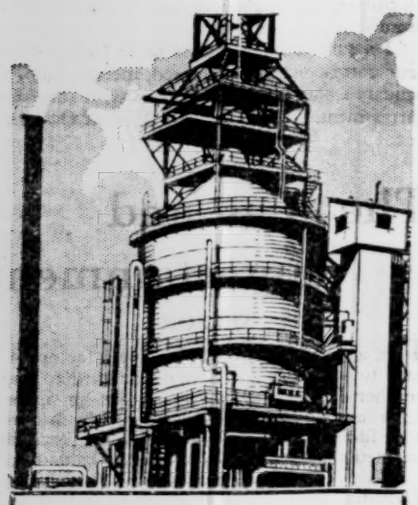

MONEY AT WORK

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in the toils of Cleopatra. To suggest that Nelson should for one instant have contemplated turning down the command of the fleet against Villeneuve in August 1805 was certainly bold.

In outline, the action is well planned. It begins just where it should—at the return of the victorious hero to Naples after the Battle of the Nile. The second act shows the break with Lady Nelson, and the idyll at Merton at a date when Sir William was conveniently dead; this act ends, effectively, with Nelson's famous prayer on the eve of Trafalgar. The third act shows him receiving the acclamations of the crowd at Portsmouth and bidding a last farewell to Emma (the latter is a somewhat weak episode, which might with advantage be cut); then the scene of his death on board the *Victory*; and lastly, Emma receiving the news at Merton from Captain Hardy, and working herself into a mood of passionate exaltation as the curtain falls.

All this might have made a chronicle drama adequate to the occasion if only librettist and composer had not left the character of Nelson sadly undervitalised. He is shown as a painfully shy and unsociable man (Act I), who stands aside miserably while Lady Hamilton abuses his wife in her own house (Act II, Scene 1); and in the following scene he is twice very audibly described by Lord Minto of the Admiralty as "an ass of a man". Most people would agree that there *was* a naive and absurd side to Nelson's character; but what must first be established, if the opera is to carry any conviction, is his heroic quality, his gusto, charm and engaging high spirits. When Granville-Barker was rehearsing *The Dynasts* and thought that the Nelson was getting too solemn, he called out: "Come, my dear fellow, more of *Cock Robin*, please." It was precisely "Cock Robin" whom we missed at Sadler's Wells: this Nelson was a dull dog, a wet blanket. In the first act he has three brief arias, not one of which strikes the triumphant note to be expected of the Victor of the Nile, though the last one is perhaps intended to do so. For this weakness it is hardly fair to blame the tenor, Robert Thomas; it is true that his make-up made him look too old and too white, but it would have needed the combined talents of Tamagno and Donald Wolfit to supply the element of heroic ardour which simply wasn't there, either in the words or the music. In the love duet in the second act, Mr. Thomas sang well enough and produced some ringing high notes; and in the death scene he was as quietly effective as the absence of all suggestion of the contrasting turmoil of battle would allow. Emma Hamilton, on the other hand, is both dramatically and musically a well-drawn character, and the part was vigorously sung by Victoria Elliott, who looked well in character and rose finely to the emotional climaxes.

Despite an obvious discrepancy between the nature of the subject and the nature of Lennox Berkeley's talent, the music was full of interest, never stodgy, often beautiful. This composer owes his steadily growing reputation to the rare combination of lyrical abundance with a fastidious sense of style. In his first opera, a work on a large scale, he has clearly felt the need to broaden his idiom; and, apart from the treatment of Nelson himself, he has done this skilfully. The traffic of the stage is carried forward in music which forges ahead with a delightful pulsing energy, constantly surprising the listener in points of detail, yet never bewildering him. The orchestration is not only vivid and always agreeable to the ear, but dramatically apt and suggestive; and the vocal writing, as is now rare, often rewards and flatters the singer's art. At Sadler's Wells the effectiveness of the vocal line was particularly demonstrated in two lesser minor roles. Mrs. Cadogan is a conventional figure, given to such familiar operatic exclamations as "Drat the scoundrels!" and "Saucy hussy!"; but her quieter moments were made extremely telling by Sheila Rex. Best of all was the Lady Nelson of Anna Pollak; indeed she sang the melancholy aria which opens the second act—a lovely autumnal piece—so musically and with such vivid enunciation that our sympathies were too strongly enlisted on her side.

If George Devine's production could not conceal the opera's dramatic weakness, Felix Kelly's sets and Vilem Tausky's conducting were excellent. The ensembles went particularly well, and this is an opera which abounds in ensembles; in truth, there are too many. The curtain has not been up ten minutes before Emma, Sir William and Mrs. Cadogan launch into a reflective trio, of which the audience catches nothing but the opening words, "Who can tell . . . ?" In the London scene, which contains some of the finest music in the score, Lady Hamilton's declaration of her love for Nelson is followed by a gravely beautiful quartet ("This then is the end") for the two married couples—but it is dramatically awkward that two further characters (Mrs. Cadogan and Hardy) should have to sit mum and embarrassed during all this. There follows a brief sextet of confusion, after which the Hamiltons depart, leaving Hardy and Mrs. C. to take their places in yet another static quartet, as though at the bridge table. Now such a scheme as this, in one of the opera's best scenes, underlines again the serious weakness of the dramatic handling; almost any practical man of the theatre could have foreseen that such a sequence of numbers, whatever the merits of the music, would not "work." We all, composers and listeners, pay a high price for the absence of small provincial opera houses in which young composers can find their stage feet without the alarming publicity of a Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells première. The music of *Nelson* is far more distinguished than that of many of the new operas produced year after year in France and Germany and Italy, and it may well prove more rewarding in a broadcast than in the theatre; but it seems all too clear to me that the composer's powers of invention—and as I write this I suddenly recall the moving viola passage at the moment when Emma turns away from Nelson at the end of Act II—have been sadly hamstrung by theatrical inexperience.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MR. RATTIGAN'S CASES

THE mere ingenuity of design behind Mr. Rattigan's new double bill, *Separate Tables*, at the St. James's Theatre, commends itself as a brilliant stroke. Each half of the evening gives us a separate play, but each shares the same background and the same minor characters. Thus, Mr. Eric Portman and Miss Margaret Leighton are given the opportunity for displaying their virtuosity in quite different parts in the two plays, yet one of the main objections to the double bill is overcome. The audience (a lazy body as a collective) don't have to re-focus themselves emotionally after the interval: they are in a familiar atmosphere directly the second curtain goes up—which is simply an everyday way of saying that the playwright ingeniously preserves the unities in two quite separate studies.

I call them studies because this is the Rattigan of *The Browning Version* and *The Deep Blue Sea*. These are studies of out-of-step people seen against a background all too conventionally in-step. For what—on the face of it—could be more conventionally in-step than a second-class hotel at the most respectable of South Coast resorts catering for the genteel poverty of the pensioners of the middle classes? And what could be more out-of-step in that atmosphere than a Left-wing drunk and a fake major? Mr. Rattigan is not, of course, an idealogue, but he is, in his own way, a moralist, and this tendency—not, I mean, towards moralising, but towards exhibiting moral dilemmas and establishing moral values—is (thank goodness) growing on him. In this new pair he tries to go farther than he has yet gone. His cases are two different brands of failure, and ostensibly unattractive brands at that; his object is to reconcile us to their weaknesses and then to discover for each of them the point of possible

redemption. Not surprisingly, in taking on such a task, he is not equally successful with both. Success and failure are in any case only comparative terms. With the surface of even the first one, Mr. Rattigan succeeds; he is sufficiently skilful to make it work for us while it is going on. But we are not really satisfied. We feel that he has got into difficulties with his characters and has fallen back, as any writer in difficulties will, upon his technique. But the second play he brings off right through.

The failure in the first play arises, I suggest, primarily out of a structural flaw. This case is a Labour politician—or, rather, ex-politician, for drink, and violence "under the influence," lost him his position in the Government; they landed him, indeed, in prison and then anonymously in the Beauregard Hotel; and the point at which the author takes up his story is when his ex-wife, a pretty model now forty, comes to persuade him to put up with her again. Mr. Rattigan's second case is a man posing as a major whose deceit is discovered when he is in a police court case where he had been accused of annoying women in a cinema. Now the essential difference between these two, dramatically speaking, is that the second is directly involved with the admirably realised background of shabby gentility—for it is one of the hotel residents who reads of his misdemeanour in the local newspaper and the whole action and turn of events arises out of the clash between the protagonist and his background. But in the first case what goes on between the ex-politician and his ex-wife might just as well have taken place anywhere else. In this first case the background is incidental to the situation; in the second it is an integral part of it. This it is which makes the second play so much tauter, closer-knit and more gripping. In the first play the residents appear as only a background, as if they might have been put there for incidental comic relief. They are amusingly and truthfully sketched (and they are admirably cast and acted) but they don't help out. They don't precipitate events or serve in any central way to advance the action; and the space taken up on the exposition of them leaves too little time for the author to go into the politician fully enough.

In the second play it is just the opposite. The fake major comes up smack against the background; and the background, led by the formidable Mrs. Railton-Bell, does its best to expose him and do him down. Moreover, his little triumph at the end—the saving of his self-respect—that, too, comes about through a figure from the background, the neurotic backward daughter of the leader of the persecuting party. Every detail contributes and these details are all focused by the action of the little anecdote itself. The result is a brilliant piece, remarkably complete and remarkably filled out within its short space. Technically it is astonishing. Within a mere one-acter Mr. Rattigan is able to deploy two superb pieces of "theatre"; the first a miniature trial scene, where, after the major's unmasking, the residents hold a meeting to decide on their joint attitude; the second, the upshot of this where eventually he defies their verdict and comes into the crowded dining-room to take his usual table. The suspense while we wait to see their different reactions is tremendously exciting. It is a testing moment all round, and Mr. Rattigan doesn't put a foot wrong.

This is a triumph for Mr. Portman, too. We have watched him going through two phases in this play already. First the jaunty major, all old-school-tie and army manner; then we have seen the puncture and the crumple (superbly rendered. Watch him catch himself falling into his own fake personality, "I really must stop saying, What?"). And now we see him facing his own little Golgotha with an unemphatic courage, and somehow (Mr. Portman has a genius for this kind of touch) managing to revert in appearance to his origins, to something much more like his sergeant-major father than his "major" alias. Mr. Portman's talent for the subtle portrait built up from minute revealing details, is splendidly on display. Miss Margaret Leighton has a less subtle role—the myopic, hysterical daughter under mother's thumb who has to learn to grow up. Miss Leighton so convinced me that I didn't at first realise that it was she who was playing it. The rest of the acting was no less effective. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as the dominating Mrs. Railton-Bell, Miss Jane Eccles as the dominated worm that turns, Miss May Hallatt as the eccentric Miss Meacham, and Mr. Aubrey Mather as the bumbling ex-housemaster relate the background to the foreground with exemplary discretion and skill. Miss Beryl Measor as the sensible woman who runs the hotel deserves special praise. Her acting has real quality, and it was she who, for me, kept the first play going. Mr. Peter Glenville directs with the warm, devoted care for the play as a play that has become characteristic of his work. Two criticisms. In the first play he gives us too much of Mr. Portman's back far up-stage; this makes for complete inaudibility at times. Secondly, if he couldn't persuade Mr. Rattigan to change the penultimate line of the first play, surely it would have been better for the maid to throw the line away while flicking a different table, rather than stand over the reunited pair squeezing out its sentimentality?

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

This time tomorrow I shall be
Far from Barnes's Academee

WELL, if not tomorrow precisely, at any rate in a day or two; and since the mood is distinctly one of breaking up and going away for a belated summer holiday, this seems as good a time as any to reflect upon the significance of some of the events of the term now almost ended And one is immediately to hand, a beautifully simple and highly topical instance, it seems to me, of the way in which we still largely ignore the influence of television as a factor in behaviour. Queues of people half a mile long wait to inspect a Roman temple recently unearthed in the city of London. This is admittedly curious behaviour on the part of the British public, a race not notoriously addicted to rubbernecking at Roman remains. What is the explanation? "The sudden violent publicity" one newspaper suggests; and no doubt that is true so far as it goes: people must know something exists before they decide to queue to see it. But isn't the real explanation much more simple, and can't it be paralleled by something else that has been happening during the last weeks?

The most striking feature of the present football season, my spies tell me, is the spontaneous appearance among spectators everywhere of the form of derision called the "slow hand-clap." It is the expression of the fans' dissatisfaction at English League football as compared with the football that millions of them saw played during the summer, through the medium of TV, between Hungary and Germany. Similarly, aren't the city gents and the clerks and the typists queueing up in Walbrook because of what they have seen on TV? The true begetters of these queues, I suggest, are Dr. Glyn Daniel, the archæologist, and his producer Mr. Paul Johnstone, with their programmes *Buried Treasure*.

We had one last week, when Professor Sean O'Riodain joined Dr. Daniel to describe to us, through films, models and reconstructions, the Megalithic tombs recently excavated at Lough Gur. I have on occasion, I think justly, been rude to Dr. Daniel and Mr. Johnstone. This does not prevent me from believing that they are two of the Television Service's greatest assets. They have given for millions the remote past a reality it never had before; they have shown the continuity of human life; and their reward lies in the queues off Cannon Street, queues composed of people who, thanks to them and TV, aren't quite ignorant of the significance of what they are waiting to see.

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awareness of lack of knowledge: this surely is one of the functions of television. So far, its success here has been absurdly underrated, though the evidence for it is all about us. Naturally, many of the Television Service's attempts in this direction have been of hit-or-miss nature. I suppose from the point of view of the Service itself the most important programmes of the year have been those mounted in the Television Continental Exchange series last June. I suspect we may never see anything quite so ambitious again, for, now that it has been proved to be possible, there can be no need to repeat it. The experience gained in the transmission of programmes from half Europe must have been invaluable to the Television Service; to viewers the series as a whole must have been disappointing, simply because in so many instances curiosity found itself with too little to bite on, was fobbed off with the trite or the travel-agent's cliché. In some form or other, Television Continental Exchange will of course always be with us, and one is glad to know that at the end of the month we shall begin to see programmes taken from the normal, everyday television services of neighbouring countries.

All the same, I feel too much significance can be attached to these exchanges of live programmes. They will offer us a means of comparing our programmes with others, and that will be much. But more important, I think, is the provision of television films from other countries. Here I should guess the most significant event in TV so far this year to be a programme I have not yet seen, the film *Musicians to Moscow* made last July by Mr. Kenneth Wright, Head of Television Music, in collaboration with a film unit of the Soviet Ministry of Culture. The significance of the film is only partly that it is about, and derives from, Russia. Its real value, one hopes, is that it may be a model for the future; it points the way to a whole new field of programme material which will be available not merely to the television service of one country but to those of many.

And now, for a fortnight, goodbye to Barnes's Academee! But not entirely to television. The word is *Avanti*! They have, I am told, good TV where I am going. I shall hope to report on it on my return.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Romeo and Juliet," at the Odeon

Gielgud, as Chorus, speaks the prefatory sonnet. It's rather pointless, with its stage reference; but afterwards, looking back, we may divine a sort of intercession to Shakespeare and poetry, otherwise quite brutally handled. The sight of Gielgud may also stimulate, in those fortunate enough to have seen it, memories of the finest *Romeo and Juliet* of our time: with Gielgud and Olivier alternating the roles of Romeo and Mercutio, Peggy Ashcroft as Juliet, Edith Evans—superb, if too greedy—as the Nurse. I did, more than once, witness that constellation. However, to give the present screen version a chance, I compared it, not with the best, but with the worst stage production I could remember—no need to specify which. And the stage's worst easily won.

Never, I imagine, since *Lear* received a happy ending, has any Shakespeare text been so hacked, patched, and insensitively thrown away as here. To pep up the beginning a murder is introduced. Nothing so shocking about that, perhaps. But it is followed by murder of a more intrinsic kind: Mercutio must die deprived of his "Queen Mab" speech and of almost every trace of individuality and poetry! Mercutio, in other words, may not be Mercutio. Nurse? Well, she's hurried along, chopped down; and when for a surprise she's allowed to ramble on in her quaint old way, it's to the accompaniment of a noisy trombone, drowning speech and showing us that, really, she's the funniest old bore. While the original character who is somewhat of a bore—Friar Laurence—is watered as lovingly as a chrysanthemum for a show. Has he more than enough lines already? Give him more! (And in Latin, too.)

As for Romeo and Juliet, they shall be ill-starred as never before: he, a stage professional, with the most weakly wistful mannerisms and intonations; she, an amateur, unhappy in her first part, which will let her be neither herself nor Shakespeare's. I don't blame the actors—who shall be nameless—so much as the director, Renato Castellani. He chose them; he elected to do Shakespeare. What on earth induced the creator of *Due Soldi di Speranza* to exchange his vernacular triumphs for this meandering into high places? What does he know, or care, about Shakespeare? Did it seem such an amusing idea, to bring them all to Verona, as from time to time *Hamlet* is trailed to Elsinore?

Verona is at least the excuse and up to a point the merit. Many of the outdoor scenes have been photographed—sometimes beautifully photographed—on the spot. I have—like Shakespeare—never been to Verona, and I am grateful for this excursion. But what has even this to do with *Romeo and Juliet*? If you want to substitute a "real" Verona for Shakespeare's imagined, you will have to fish up out of history a blazing new town in the full heat of the Renaissance: very remote from the quiet, old, crumbling charm presented to us here. However, I am willing to admit that, for all its faults, this *Romeo and Juliet* is very pleasant to look at.

But, still having two ears, and not being able to forget the Shakespeare I was brought up on, I find it impossible not to be bored by this Anglo-Italian production that misses not only Shakespeare but any life-spark of its own. Two drearier dolls than this pair, whether on balcony or in tomb, in one another's arms, or on one another's lips, I have rarely encountered. If Mr. Asquith the other day evoked some of the Romeo-Juliet feeling from a contemporary scene, Signor Castellani shows that there is no better way of banishing it altogether than to drag poor Shakespeare through the dust. He would have done far better to work from a synopsis and evolve his own dialogue. I am not sure that in general this isn't the best way of dealing with Shakespeare on the screen—*Henry V* notwithstanding. What is undeniable is that the *Romeo and Juliet* at the Odeon lacks even the virtue of its own recklessness. Snatching at its breath-taking original, it kills it dead as a doornail.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

SIR,—Miss Enid Downes has written a letter that is so muddled in its general thinking and so confused about the principles involved in the recent Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet salary dispute, that there is little one can do to help her understand anything at this late stage.

However, there are a few points that I can stress in an effort to solve her general medley of misinformation and misinterpretation.

She obviously has no idea of the relationship of the smaller Sadler's Wells Company to the larger one at Covent Garden. Its function is to develop young dancers emerging from Sadler's Wells School and elsewhere—notably the Commonwealth. The Company also serves young choreographers, composers and designers, who must start their creative work in the more intimate atmosphere of Sadler's Wells.

It has proved fruitful to move certain artistes from Covent Garden to Sadler's Wells for the following reasons: (a) some dancers show that they are more suited to the repertoire of an intimate ballet company, (b) others give promise of developing choreographic talent.

Promotion from Sadler's Wells to Covent Garden is to be expected over the course of years, and the status of a "principal" at Sadler's Wells corresponds to that of a soloist at Covent Garden, and a soloist to a member of the larger Company's *Corps-de ballet*. This tradition is taken in good part and with

complete understanding by the young artistes concerned.

Miss Downes complains that she has "seen no published denial that another English Ballet Company working entirely without subsidy pays its soloists three times the amount received by their opposite numbers in the Sadler's Wells Theatre. . . ." "Opposite numbers" is a misleading statement. *The Company alluded to is not a younger sister of an existing major Company, but a major Company in its own right;* when in London this particular Company plays nightly in a vast auditorium to a very large public. Our smaller Company gives two performances (or possibly three if they have been away for some time) per week at Sadler's Wells where there is a controlled scale of prices—as it should be in a People's Opera House. The audience is enthusiastic, discriminating and regular, but it is not normally large.

Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet forms a vital part of our total organisation. They have, in the last seven years, passed on to the big Company such dancers as Nadia Nerina, Svetlana Beriosova, Ann Heaton, Elaine Fifield, Alec Grant, David Blair and the young choreographer, John Cranko. They do admirable and interesting work on a certain scale in England and elsewhere, and we should be incomplete without them.

The two Companies together employ about 115 dancers. Their terms of service vary from one to over twenty years' devotion to Sadler's Wells. Does this sound like a record of hardship and injustice?

Sadler's Wells Theatre. NINETTE DE VALOIS

THE SHADOW OF PERON

SIR,—I am sorry that your South American correspondent has taken a political line which may be bewildering to your readers. His article, "The Shadow of Peron," seems to imply that Peron is at present the greatest danger for democracy in Latin America. I submit this is not so. Democracy's most dangerous enemies in that region are such dictatorships as rule in Venezuela, Peru and the Dominican Republic—not to mention the policies of the U.S. State Department which backs the Latin American Francos and Rhees.

Dictatorships like those of the "Benefactor, Saviour of the Republic and Generalissimo" Trujillo exist to protect the economic and social order which lies at the bottom of Latin America's backwardness. They are a guarantee to local landlords and American companies such as Standard Oil or United Fruit. Peron, on the other hand, has attacked the interests of local latifundists and foreign monopolies. He is sustained, not by a praetorian guard and an oligarchy, but by a working-class movement. Undoubtedly there are contradictions in his regime, but up to now working-class interests have prevailed over the military and in the long run they are apt to become stronger. This certainly appeals more to the Latin American masses than the dictatorships endorsed by Mr. Dulles.

As to "pure" Social-Democracy, it is an impossibility in Latin America if Socialists fight both Peron and the United States-sponsored dictatorships. The Bolivian President, Victor Paz Estensoro, who according to your correspondent was "installed" by Peron, would certainly not have survived if he had not had the friendship of the Argentine regime, for he was strongly attacked by the State Department both for being "Fascist" and for being "Communist." The fact is that, having been elected even under a pro-American regime which tried to keep him out of power, Paz Estensoro has the backing of the Bolivian miners and peasants and was able to nationalise the tin mines and initiate a programme of agrarian reform similar to that carried on in Guatemala under the Left-wing government ousted by American pressure. Are those reforms a danger for Democracy? I think not; and the same could be said of that South American economic union for which your correspondent admits that there is a strong case. Latin America is in crying need of reforms, and it does not matter very much who carries them through. Government leaders, after all, are not eternal. It is the social forces which they awaken that are important. ALBERTO FUENTES

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SADISM FOR KIDS

SIR,—Few who read it can fail to have been struck by Kingsley Martin's article on "Sadism for Kids" on September 25, and all who have seen any of the worst of the "Comics" in the nastier kind of newsagent's shop will be thankful to know that a campaign is being waged against them by the "Comics" Campaign Council, of which I have the honour to be Chairman. The Council has set itself the threefold task of awakening the public to the seriousness of the position, preventing the sale of the unpleasant type of so-called "Comic" and fostering the production of healthy and attractive alternative literature for young people.

It may surprise some readers to see the emphasis placed on the effect of the horror "Comics" on children, and few would imagine that they are intended to be read by children. Any study of the advertisements, however, will make it clear that the advertisers are quite sure that a considerable proportion of the readers are children. It is strange that these productions should be called "Comics," for they bear very little resemblance to the Comics of my youth, and anything less comic than the contents of many of them it would be difficult to imagine.

It is encouraging to know that the campaign against the "Comics" in America has caused one of the publishers to announce that he will no longer issue some of the more unpleasant of his productions. In this country the National Federation of Retail Newsagents at its Annual Conference carried a resolution against "Comics" with acclamation. There is, of course, very much to be done, and I ask all those who are prepared to assist in the campaign in any way to communicate with the Council's Honorary Secretary, Dr. Simon Yudkin, 23 Tillingbourne Gardens, N.3. A. H. HOLLOWAY,

London Federation of Parent-Teacher Associations. *Chairman.*

THE NEW DESPOTISM

SIR,—To aid their case against the State your correspondents call in the political theorists, they stress Russia and Germany and distort or exaggerate Crichel Down, but the simple point is that the State and no one else has brought vast benefits to millions of us. Fifty years ago the manual workers lived in poverty and the lower middle class in shabby gentility, all perpetually hard up, and when misfortune came distress, degradation and even the workhouse could follow. Great resistance to progressive measures was always shown by the interests of wealth and power, and then, as now, it was alleged that the cost of social benefits and increased wages would lead to national bankruptcy. During the 20 years of mass unemployment, when the groups of wealth and power did not know how to handle their own system, it was the State which made even living possible for the unemployed.

The influence of the pressure groups would seem to be far greater than that of the State. Does not one employers' group after another secure from the community some benefit for its own members? Brewers, hire purchase, steel, transport, oil, money market, commercial television interests, farmers, builders, butchers, the metal and commodity markets—these are just a few of those groups, the activities of which have been in the news.

Moreover, over all the years the power of the financiers to deplete our gold and dollar reserves and create financial crises has been perhaps the strongest influence of all. By their flights of capital they have twice brought about a devaluation of sterling, often have they embarrassed a Labour Government and twice brought about its fall. Yet your distinguished correspondents stress the menace of the State and hide or never mention all these unsocial activities of the wealth and power groups. I should have thought they would not have worried about the State, when they have in existence a group which can get rid of a Labour Government. B. W. DALE

IN DEFENCE OF CHASTITY

SIR,—In your issue of September 11, Mr. V. S. Pritchett asserts that "people who do not believe in divorce can hardly be said to be enthusiasts for marriage." At a first glance this seems rather like asserting that people who do not believe in smashing pictures with a sledge-hammer can hardly be said to be enthusiasts for art, but I think Mr. Pritchett is not merely wanting to be provocative. Presumably his contention is that where there is no Christian faith the only alternative to easy divorce is promiscuity. I can see that that contention is debatable, even among Christians, but as it stands what Mr. Pritchett says is fantastically untrue.

There are thousands of enthusiasts for marriage who do not believe in divorce. Chastity, whether among unmarried people, married people, or the widowed, is not necessarily "odd," as Mr. Pritchett contends. There are still innumerable people—virgins when married—who take one another for better, for worse, forsaking all other, and who continue to do so till death do them part. "They're the lucky ones," Mr. Pritchett may say. Jane Austen said of a lucky guess: "It's never just luck; there's always some skill in it, depend upon it." Even in the happiest marriages there is more than just luck. Fidelity may not always be easy, even in Christian marriage but fidelity is possible—and enormously worth while. And fidelity must involve some measure of chastity and a snail's-horn perception of another person's individuality that completely rules out greed and selfishness.

Furthermore, there are thousands of unmarried people who are neither under-sexed nor odd. Dozens of my unmarried contemporaries, I know, have never had illicit love-affairs. Some of them lost their sweethearts in the first world war and wanted no successor, others had equally good though quite different reasons for remaining virgin. They have led cheerful, useful, serene lives: not always facilely, but always with the certainty that chastity is better than its opposite. (They are much less "odd" than those of my acquaintances who have had illicit affairs with other women's husbands.) SUSAN MILES

GREY EMINENCES

SIR,—This is not my part of the paper, and I ought—as I fully intended to do—to stay out of it. But something must be said to those who keep writing to you, and directly to me, about my *Grey Eminences*. They really must stop protesting against—or being elaborately ironical about—statements I never made. I did not declare war against the intellect (of which, by the way, scientists have no monopoly); I did not suggest that plenty of sex and high living would cure our ills; I never even implied that most scientists are unfortunate in their style of life; I was careful, to the point of the tedium I wish to avoid, to make no block charges against scientists, for after all I know quite a number myself and realise there is as much variety to be found among them as there is among authors, schoolmasters, fiddlers and grocers. I also happen to know that many scientists are very uneasy indeed about the appalling means of destruction created by some of their colleagues, whose willing co-operation with the Governments concerned was absolutely essential. Once Hitler, who presumably corrupted his own scientists, was off the scene, and the two atom bombs had been dropped, thus proving that governments were ready to use them, whether their scientific advisers agreed or not, the men who continued this research must be held responsible for what they have done and are doing. In my article I offered a charitable explanation of their willingness to invent and perfect such horrible devices. I may be wrong—I often am—and my correspondents and their scientific friends may know the true explanation, which I shall be delighted to have from them instead of reproaches and ironical touches. But not, please, any more of that whining cant about scientists only obeying orders or dreamily messing about in the lab. until a hydrogen bomb emerges, to their surprise. Better my nonsense than that nonsense.

Isle of Wight. J. B. PRIESTLEY

PRAYER

SIR,—Critic's remarks on the question of prayers for fine weather cannot be allowed to pass without comment.

Certainly Christians—and others too—often talk far too easily and glibly about the God in whom they believe. Certainly, too, the tendency to think of every weather phenomenon as the direct action of God should be resisted; putting His action in this world on the same level as natural causes, can be, in Dr. J. H. Oldham's words, "setting God in competition with His own creation," which is "an act of blasphemy." To the thoughtful believer, the relation of God to the natural order remains a profound mystery.

But when Critic goes on to tell us that "people who are both thoughtful and religious . . . know that the serious use of prayer has nothing to do with any kind of petition to the Almighty," we part company with him. "A social concentration of thought and purpose" may be of great value for a political party meeting; it only becomes prayer when carried out in the sincere belief that some transcendent Being can and does affect the lives of men, showing them what they should do, and giving them strength to carry it out.

The worship of man is a poor substitute for belief in God, as one would have thought events in recent years have amply demonstrated.

Carbrook Church House, S. BOOTH-CLIBBORN
Sheffield, 9.

SIR,—It seems strange that so earnest an advocate of prayer as Mr. Cheke does not verify his references, when quoting Christ as the Great Authority on the subject. If he will turn to Chapter VII of St. Matthew's Gospel, he will find that Christ never exemplified a child as asking for a stone or a serpent and being answered by his father with bread or a fish.

It was, of course, the other way round; and consequently his argument, based on false premises, completely lacks the cogency which his very laudable intention deserves. GEOFFREY E. HOWARD
43 Egerton Crescent, S.W.3.

SIR,—Critic's paragraph on prayers for victory and for fine weather calls to mind a little verse, of unknown authorship, entitled "Prayer for Rain."

In vast and unimaginable space
Where countless Suns send forth their fecund rays,
Each to its group of whirling satellites
There rolled a little miserable ball,
And on this ball a minute microbe knelt
And prayed the Great Controlling Force of all
To wreck the order of the universe,
Unchain the Suns and bid ungovernable chaos come again.
For what? To damp the dot whereon the microbe knelt.

5 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1. BROUGHSHANE

WHITE SUPREMACY

SIR,—There is one small inaccuracy in John Hatch's otherwise excellent article "Victory for White Supremacy" (August 28).

The 500,000 volunteers have not been summoned "to re-open the campaign of passive resistance against laws of discrimination." They have been asked to come forward to help organise the Congress of the People. Their task will be to carry the message of the Congress into every corner of the land, to arouse people's interest in this project, to arrange for the election or appointment of delegates to the Congress, to stimulate and collect proposals for consideration by the Congress which is to frame a Freedom Charter for the peoples of South Africa.

What action will be taken by organisers and volunteers, if and when the ban falls, cannot now be foretold. But I am sure that Mr. Hatch would not wish to do anything to precipitate the banning by giving the false impression now that volunteers are being recruited for an illegal purpose (i.e., passive resistance, which has been outlawed by the Criminal Law Amendment Act 1953). That the Government is quite ready to use foreign news reports to justify its proscriptions was proved when Mr. Walter Sisulu, the non-Communist secretary-general of the African National Congress, was banned from his office within a few days of the *New York Times* wondering why the South African Government did nothing about those of its subjects who (like Mr. Sisulu) accepted invitations to tour Russia and China.

Rustenburg, C. W. M. GELL
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Autumn Books Supplement

A DIALOGUE ON WILDE

ERNEST: My dear Gilbert, what are you reading? Wilde? Now I could forgive you for reading a book *about* Wilde. What could be more edifying on a Sunday morning than to contemplate the injustice of his treatment by society? It would call to mind so many conflicting Biblical texts, and that surely is the essence of Christianity. Of course, it would also have the merit of being sadly topical. But to read his works is another matter—and in Penguins, too!*

GILBERT: You forget: "Cheap editions of great books may be delightful, but cheap editions of great men are absolutely detestable."

ERNEST: Yes, but he wasn't great. Artists who talk incessantly about art rarely are. Oh, those strong scenes in his plays, or that grotesque æstheticism which describes Dvorak as writing passionate curiously-coloured things! What did he do that was not better done by Huysmans or the French decadents? Unlike them he never experienced what he wrote about: he simply purloined their emotions and passed them off as his thoughts. He is a music-hall artiste with late-Victorian patter and a mid-Victorian turn. What is the description of the opium den in *Dorian Gray* but a stage-set for *East Lynne*? And think of his style: he has no discrimination, no ear, he writes tinny sentences and his sensibility is either falsely intensified, ludicrously affected or repellently exquisite. Only a man with no sense of humour could have written *Dorian Gray*. The trouble with Wilde is that he was not only sham but common; and he tries to disguise it by being smart.

GILBERT: My dear Ernest, you have evidently been reading literary criticism, a pastime which, if you allow it to degenerate into a habit, will effectively prevent you from reading literature. I agree that Wilde's creation of a working-class prostitute is about as convincing as Lawrence's portrait of Lady Chatterley's father. I respect Mr. Graham Hough as a wise and percipient critic when he anatomises Wilde's prose, and I also respect Professor Mario Praz, as a scholar, for adding up the exact sum of his debt to the French. But to pursue the Romantics, whether in agony or with delight, is not the best way of catching Wilde: he was romantic, not a Romantic.

ERNEST: And when you catch him, what do you find? Apply any of the canons of criticism to his prose—I shall not willingly speak of his poetry—and the veneer wears off.

GILBERT: I see that you have been influenced by what the Americans call the New Criticism: otherwise you would not speak of it as a kind of gumption. The New Criticism is an admirable technique for treating a great self-conscious artist such as Henry James but quite inadequate for dealing with that vulgar sensationalist, Dickens, who happens to be our greatest novelist. The New Criticism, alas, has so many of the failings of the old with the additional disadvantage of rarely being written in English. Wilde is a phenomenon and most of his work cannot be separated from his personality: in that he is like Byron, and English society treated both in much the same way.

ERNEST: Of course I allow that he wrote one brilliant play.

GILBERT: You allude to what the Germans call *Bunbury*? I cannot see why you exclude it from your condemnation. Robertson had given his actors similar lines thirty years before in *Caste*; and Lady Bracknell had been a standard figure in literature from Lady Catherine de Bourgh to John Oliver Hobbes's Lady Warbeck. Indeed, John Oliver Hobbes can match Wilde in epigram at any time—and what was such wit but an echo of Mallock?

ERNEST: Possibly; but when Mr. Laver claims in his defence of Wilde†—though I confess I cannot follow what his defence is—that "it is as light as air and is still as fresh and amusing as when it was written," I grant him his point immediately. *The Importance of Being Ernest* is a divine trifle, and unlike most English trifles, made with real cream and eggs.

GILBERT: No, not a trifle. It is his one wholly serious play. When will people realise that great comedy is always serious and that long articles to prove it so are merely comic? The whole of English culture and convention, from the compelling necessity of baptism to the thrilling drama of classical economics, from the reckless romanticism of governesses to the sweet purity of our maidens' dispositions—in a word, the absurdity of our antics in getting married or getting money—are turned inside out. From the time Algernon exclaims: "Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them?" the cant of class relationships is constantly exposed. Because it satirises earnestness, it is not thought to be serious—because the audience laughs each time it is revived, it is thought to be a successful period piece. The play is the greatest of all comedies at the expense of the upper classes—the greatest prose comedy in English.

ERNEST: Surely I have heard you say that about *The Way of The World*?

GILBERT: Almost certainly: and about *The Critic* when Puff is played by Sir Laurence, or possibly about *The Relapse* to which I am devoted. Your remark, if I may say so, betrays signs of vulgarity: superlatives are not to be scrutinised like a will. What does it matter which of them is the greatest?

ERNEST: But you were speaking of the relation of the man to his work.

GILBERT: Yes: there indeed disunity reigned. Unlike the French whom he imitated, Wilde was innocent of evil: he really could not comprehend it, he had the physique of a boxer and was a high-spirited, gay, enchanting individual born for action, not for introspection. I doubt if he ever watched an olive-green chrysoberyl turning red by lamplight, and he was quite incapable of having day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory stained his cheek with shame: he would have enjoyed them. In fact, he was a person of boundless gusto who found himself living in a country filled with Haggards and Henleys and hearties. So he turned to æstheticism and the decadents. But there was always a hopeless division between what he preached and what he was.

ERNEST: That, of course, was his weakness.

GILBERT: And his strength. He could not achieve a clear vision of the world with such a split artistic personality. So he worked in half-truths. He was not, of course, a genius who arrives like a firm of contractors with bulldozers and by sheer force removes a mountain, altering the whole landscape for us. But there were flashes of genius: he bored holes with his wit so that we suddenly see how many strata there are in life. He knew his limitations: "He who asks the questions," he said, "is never the one who answers them." He was not really defending a position or advocating anything in particular: he saw through too much not to believe that contradiction is the soul of truth.

ERNEST: But surely there is an argument in every essay that he wrote and always a silly one.

GILBERT: The argument in his work was merely the framework. Consider *The Critic as Artist* which, alas, I am unable to find in my Penguins. The argument that the artist could not exist without the critic is absurd, though it is not so ludicrous to suggest that a writer must hold within himself a sense of criticism. But what excellent intuitions there are within it! The New Critics, like the hostesses of Surrey, are for ever agitated about "placing" people; well, Wilde places Browning in a paragraph. His assertions are his real argument: and how does Mr. Eliot argue except by assertion? No: Wilde is immortal because he corresponds to a mood. When we are tired of earnestness and exhausted by the passion and visions of the greatest writers, when we yearn for stimulation at a different but far from negligible level, he is at hand. Frivolity and gaiety are part of our nature. So is a taste for insecurity. The English feel safe with a humorist only when they know that the dear fellow means no harm and is quite in earnest about something underneath: Wilde always liked to swim out of their depth. He understood himself perfectly; yet though he suffered deeply after his trial, he could not really perceive the essence of his own tragedy.

ERNEST: It was not only his own tragedy. It engulfed his children. You should read Mr. Holland‡ on his bewildering childhood. The tone is excellent: restrained, ironical, without a touch of self-pity, indeed a trifle puzzled and proud at discovering as he grew up how many people respected his father's work. It also contains some new facts. Not that the old ones are by any means established if one is to judge by Mr. Laver, who gets the date of Wilde's birth wrong

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**Lord Arthur Savile's Crime; The Picture of Dorian Gray; Plays; Selected Essays and Poems.* By OSCAR WILDE. *Penguin Books.* 2s. each.

†*Oscar Wilde.* By JAMES LAVER. *Longmans.* 25.

‡*Son of Oscar Wilde.* By VYVYAN HOLLAND. *Hart-Davis.* 18s.

by two years: I really fear for the morals of foreigners when the British Council distribute this brochure so correct about the debatable and so flamboyantly erroneous about the indisputable. But Mr. Holland tells a deplorable tale most gently. How shabby in retrospect was the whole conspiracy on the part of his mother's family to conceal his identity, to teach him to be ashamed of his father, to try to ship him off to the Dominions as soon as he was of age and to treat him as a moral leper when he once got intoxicated.

GILBERT: Yes, it is odd how people who admire courage often prefer to lie. "To tell the truth is difficult," wrote Tolstoy, "and young people are rarely capable of it." Old people seem to find it even harder, and are able to produce far more specious excuses for not doing so.

ERNEST: When lying is not practised as an art, it breeds hypocrisy; and the self-deception that still exists even among good and compassionate people about homosexuality is astounding. Meanwhile we are asked to applaud the splendid zeal of police officers in hounding these criminals to their doom, an activity which may be expected to continue while ministers of the Crown happily are born innocent and remain totally ignorant of life. Still, I do not admire Wilde's panegyrics on youth. They seem to me indistinguishable from the crowings of subalterns over their barmaids. He was so moistly enthusiastic about good looks.

GILBERT: Never speak disrespectfully of good looks, dear boy. They are the one thing in life which can shake the self-confidence of the intellectually conceited and the religiously convinced. They defeat argument, and are quite incapable of being used in any theory which claims to tell us what is good for society. In politics there is only one rule: always put the whim of the individual before the good of society at any time when there is a doubt. That is Socialism.

ERNEST: Really?

GILBERT: You may not recognise it—possibly because you have not read *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*. Anyone except a Tory can see the need of a health service or of nationalising coal—there doubt does not exist. But when it comes to the pools, who shall say how much society is corrupted by gambling? If Socialists become prigs they are lost.

ERNEST: Your views savour of the heretical tendencies of Père Enfantin, but no more of that. Let us hope that Wilde's centenary will be suitably celebrated in Oxford where shirts woven in lamé are still to be seen; I fear that in Cambridge such a tribute is unlikely since there shirts are made exclusively of hair. You have convinced me that the old moral is still true for the young: I've now realised for the first time in my life the vital importance of being healthy, wealthy and wild.

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THE END OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

A History of Soviet Russia: Vol. IV. By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 30*s.*

The fourth volume of Mr. Carr's history of Soviet Russia is the best of the series. Events and policies, measures and men, are merged into a coherent whole. Earlier volumes often gave the impression that what took place in Russia between 1917 and 1923 was an academic discussion of political theory. The reader had constantly to be reminding himself that a great empire was disintegrating, millions of men were dying, society was being reshaped. Here reality is much nearer the surface. Of course, Mr. Carr still writes history of a special sort. His work tells the story of Russia's rulers, not of Russia's people. The workers and peasants come in only when their behaviour—discontent or falling production—presented problems to the rulers. They are nothing in themselves. So one might write the history of a farm in terms of its owner without mentioning the animals except in a statistical table. George Orwell had this idea. But he thought that men were more than animals. Mr. Carr does not trouble to speculate about this.

Mr. Carr calls this volume The Interregnum. Interregnum first in terms of individuals. Illness drove Lenin from public life at the end of 1922; he died in January, 1924. No one dared to claim the succession. The Politburo tried to rule anonymously and to smooth over all conflicts. Trotsky dissociated himself from the avowed opposition; the majority of the Politburo tried to conceal the differences between Trotsky and themselves. All the time the division was becoming clear—Trotsky on the one side, the triumvirate (Zinoviev, Stalin, Kamenev) on the other. At the beginning of 1923 there was still freedom of discussion inside the Communist party; and the party was composed predominantly of revolutionary intellectuals, even though they were often of working-class origin. By the middle of 1924 disagreement with the party had become a crime; and the party was swamped by new working-class members, largely indifferent to politics, who were brought in at the great recruitment after Lenin's death. The purge of intellectuals on the same occasion was less advertised, but equally important. The party was ceasing to be an active questioning agent for revolutionary advance. It was becoming the machine by which the rulers of Russia could rivet their dictatorship more firmly on the Russian people. This process was complete by May, 1924. It only remained to be decided who would control the machine that had been created.

No party can retain its revolutionary zest when it is in power, particularly when it intends to remain in power permanently. The passage of time was enough by itself to change the character of the party. External events reinforced the change and speeded it on. In 1917 the Bolsheviks seized power with the intention of giving the signal for world revolution. The rest of the world failed them. By 1921 the Russian Communists had to call a halt, even to retreat. But there was at that time no hint of a fundamental change of policy. Lenin still assumed that they were waiting for the international revolution, though they would have to wait longer than he had expected. Mr. Carr traces with marvellous fidelity the two strands of events which led to the abandonment of this assumption. The last hope of general revolution disappeared when the German Communists failed to seize power in October, 1923. Economic developments inside Russia made it increasingly difficult to go on marking time. Though the internal problems were more important, the Bolshevik leaders were much more at home in revolutionary tactics. Mr. Carr gives a penetrating description of the assurance with which they took over the direction of the German revolution. When nothing happened, they had to fall back on accusations of treachery and desertion, as yet only against Radek, not against Trotsky. It was the last time that their theories drove them head on into conflict with events.

In regard to economics they had no theory at all. Marxism had never possessed a plan for Socialism. Revolution was supposed to be difficult; the rest was easy. You took property away from the capitalists and then let economic law operate as before. This produced economic collapse in Russia; and in 1921 the Bolsheviks hoped to solve the problems which Socialism had created by restoring capitalism. They succeeded. N.E.P. gave Russia two years of something like prosperity. But by 1923 the Bolsheviks discovered that, in restoring capitalism, they restored also the problems of capitalism—unemployment, low wages, the "scissors-crisis" in prices between town and country. The discussions on these questions take up the really decisive pages here—discussions all the more fascinating for their attempt to settle new problems in terms of old dogmas. One group wanted better conditions for the workers; another wanted to raise the general level of production; a third believed firmly in the gold standard. Trotsky alone preached the virtues of planning, but with the implication that it would produce harsher conditions for the time being. Socialism had always promised immediate benefits. Now the Bolsheviks were facing the discovery, towards which English Socialists are still only stumbling, that it is impossible to have your cake and eat it—to improve both the present and the future at the same time. These discussions were to determine the future of Soviet Russia. But the Bolsheviks did not as yet take them very seriously. They still waited for the revolution round the corner. In April, 1924, three months after Lenin's death, Stalin dogmatised: "Can the final victory of Socialism be achieved, in one country, without the joint efforts of the proletarians in several advanced countries? No, it cannot."

Mr. Carr has disentangled these various conflicts with supreme mastery. He has unrivalled command of the sources and a wonderful gift of exposition. He has now finished with the revolution, with all its hopes and sufferings, and has reached the more congenial theme of how men used power. For by 1924 the Bolshevik revolution was over. The Communist dictatorship was active, often creative, but no longer revolutionary. Its object henceforward was to survive. Marxists claim to consider only material forces, but by a supreme irony the history of their experiment can be written in terms of three men. Lenin was dead; Trotsky was defeated; Stalin was waiting in the wings.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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ENDLESS OLD THINGS

The Letters of W. B. Yeats. Edited by ALLAN WADE. *Hart-Davis.* 63*s.*

A great deal of Yeatsiana has been pouring out since Yeats's death; there is perhaps a moral here for those who wrote him off as finished before World War I. His poet's progress remains a most peculiar one—that of a man who started with every sort of limitation and ended, a lonely public figure, on a pedestal as high as the famous Pillar in O'Connell Street on which Nelson (who was never an Irishman) still stands, with one arm and one eye. To a younger, more socially conscious, generation he was sometimes a suspect figure; George Orwell, like Stephen Spender, found "sinister implications" in his philosophy and concluded that "The relationship between Fascism and the literary intelligentsia badly needs investigating, and Yeats might well be the starting-point." At first sight this looks plausible, but the more we know of Yeats the man, the more we shall probably feel that "Fascism" here is a red herring. Of course he did use the word himself as when in 1933 he wrote that he was trying to "work out a social theory which can be used against Communism in Ireland—what looks like emerging is Fascism modified by religion." And he did back General O'Duffy for a short time, but by 1937, when the General was in Spain with his Blue Shirts, Yeats was writing that the last thing he wanted was to see him "back in Ireland with enhanced fame helping 'the Catholic front'." And he added: "I don't know on which side a single friend of mine is, probably none of us are on any side."

This vacillation between would-be Fascism and neutrality (encouraged by an ignorance of history) may be characteristic of Yeats but is also characteristic of his country. Orwell's essay on him shows little perception either of the simple peculiarities of Ireland as a whole or the more complex peculiarities of that Protestant minority to which Yeats, like many another ardent nationalist, belonged. For Yeats, though he thought Bernard Shaw "a barbarian of the barricades," would have agreed in his bones with Shaw's statement in his preface to *John Bull's Other Island*:

> When I say that I am an Irishman I mean that I was born in Ireland, and that my native language is the English of Swift and not the unspeakable jargon of the mid-nineteenth century newspapers . . . I am violently and arrogantly Protestant by family tradition; but let no English government therefore count on my allegiance: I am English enough to be an inveterate Republican and Home Ruler.

Yeats too was born and bred Protestant (which in Ireland does imply both violence and arrogance) and, whatever his flirtations with the Cabbala, the Upanishads, and so on, and however great and understandable his envy of Maud Gonne's conversion to Rome, his motto to the end was "No Surrender."

All this one could read between the lines of his poems but those lines are so reverberant that it shows more clearly in his letters where, if not unbuttoned (Yeats was never a Bohemian) and if not even unguarded (he was always too much on the attack), he is at least less purged of those trivial concerns and naiveties which give away a man's true position. All of his admirers must be most grateful to Mr. Wade for having so carefully collected and edited these give-away letters which evoke a reaction like that of Yeats himself in 1909:

> My dear Wade, I am amazed at your bibliography. . . . The thing is of great value to myself and now you have made it possible I shall re-read endless old things I had thought never to see again.

The bibliography referred to was begun by Mr. Wade about 1898; this series of letters runs from 1887 to 1939. Endless old things? Indeed yes; and how very revealing they are! Some of these have already appeared in print, for instance letters to Katharine Tynan published last year and edited by Roger McHugh; but Mr. Wade's 900 pages not only cover the poet's adult life but, owing to the diversity of his correspondents which called forth different parts of him, do compose a solid and credible portrait.

Readers of his later poems would be prepared for a certain astringency, but it is pleasant to be reminded by these letters that the sting was in him so early. Yeats may have invented the Celtic Twilight, but he himself is far from crepuscular when he is concerned with personal gossip or "theatre business" or money. Not only wit but humour shows itself early and even on subjects which might have been sacrosanct to him:

> A sad accident happened at Madame Blavatsky's lately, I hear. A big materialist sat on the astral double of a poor young Indian. It was sitting on the sofa and he was too material to be able to see it.

In a letter Æ he makes a revealing comparison of their characters:

> The antagonism, which is sometimes between you and me, comes from the fact that though you are strong and capable yourself you gather the weak and not very capable about you, and that I feel they are a danger to all good work. It is, I think, because you desire love. Besides you have the religious genius to which all souls are equal. In all work except that of salvation that spirit is a hindrance.

Yeats himself could not be accused of suffering weaklings gladly and, whether he desired love or not, he certainly was not prepared to let it submerge him. The voice in these letters grows warmer as the years pass but it is worth noting that his men friends are never addressed by their Christian names.

General ideas are few; they changed less than his tastes did. And when he risks an historical generalisation it is often a rash one: "it flashed on me that the Coming of Allegory coincided with the rise of the Middle Class." But Yeats himself repeatedly denounced "abstraction" and it is not general ideas, or beliefs, that make a poet; even in his Introduction to *A Vision* (which at other times he implies is a *Credo*) he describes his circuits of sun and moon, etc., as "stylistic arrangements of experience comparable to the cubes in the drawings of Wyndham Lewis and the ovoids in the sculpture of Brancusi." What appears in him to be generalisation is often in fact merely stylisation. He writes in 1889: "With me everything is premeditated for a long time", and he went on meditating the same things through the decades till his symbols began turning into persons and the real people he knew into symbols. What he wrote in a late poem about the theatre applies to his art in general, and perhaps to his life:

> Players and painted stage took all my love,
> And not those things that they were emblems of.

Certain other late poems, such as *The Municipal Gallery Revisited* and *Beautiful Lofty Things*, show him changing an occasional subject-matter into mythology—"All the Olympians; a thing never known again." To mythologise your friends like this you perhaps have to be somewhat remote from them. If Maud Gonne had married Yeats, what would have happened to his poetry?

These letters demand our attention because Yeats was a "major" poet. It is a term I dislike but it is useful to indicate the gulf between him and such a poet as Æ (just as George Herbert can be called "major" where Christina Rossetti is "minor"). The word "major," however, does carry certain implications of bulk, depth and width, and when we start trying to find these qualities in Yeats, we shall find they have changed in his hands. He *is* wide in a sense—but not the usual sense. He *is* deep in a sense—but not the usual sense. Conclusion: this is a major poet—but a very, very odd one. It will probably be many years yet before critics can get this oddity in focus. In the meantime one can hazard that Yeats is an extreme example of the artistic principle that a man's limitations can be turned into assets. If he had not been both tone-deaf and comparatively ignorant of prosody, he would not have evolved his extraordinary verbal music. If he had not had extremely bad eyesight, he might have got stuck, as Tennyson sometimes did, in merely brilliant description. If he had had a better education, it should have saved him from the follies of astrology—yet those follies are responsible for some of his finest work. His drawbacks became steps forward—but this miracle would not have happened if he had not been uncommonly hard-working and, according to his own strange lights, honest.

LOUIS MACNEICE

What's in a name?

SEA TO EDEN is the title of a new novel by an author who wishes to be known by his pen name of BENNETT STANLEY. A new author? A new novelist? Indeed, no, for BENNETT STANLEY is already quite familiar to readers of the *New Statesman*.

Writing under his own name of S. B. Hough, this "master of the intellectual thriller" (*John Raymond, New Statesman*) already has a number of widely reviewed, and widely praised, novels to his credit.

Whether you think of our author as Mr. Hough or Mr. Stanley, SEA TO EDEN, which is set aboard the yacht "Wanderer" on her nightmare voyage, is a novel well worth reading.

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If sex is the poor man's piano, courting is his five-finger exercise—a fumbling but necessary stage in his development as a virtuoso. Like Czerny, it has often aroused the wrath of its audience. "What clipping, what culling, what kissing and bussing, what smouching and slabbering one of another, what filthy groping and unclean handling is not practised in these dancings?" Thus Philip Stubbes on May Day celebrations in the late Elizabethan age. From St. Paul and St. Augustine onwards, moralists have tended to frown on tumescence, especially in public places: "Stop This Love Among Our Sand Dunes"—"This Hyde Park Scandal—Tory M.P." Guyed by Thurber, interrupted by policemen, discouraged by rugger coaches, and vulgarised by Tin Pan Alley, love has continued to find a way.

Mr. E. S. Turner, the author of this compendious scrapbook, has already cast a genial but irreverent eye over the histories of advertising, social reform, and boys' literature. His manner owes something to Lytton Strachey, not a little to Guedalla, and a great deal to the Maxian principle that "there is always something rather absurd about the past." By employing the past tense to describe even the most recent of customs, he at once amuses the young with his mock-objectivity, and kindles the nostalgia of the middle-aged. But if in previous volumes his urbanity has seemed unduly celestial, he has here found a subject which ideally suits him, enjoying (as Santayana put it) "the delicious irony of despising the passions one is forced to share." The history of courting, indeed, is the story throughout the ages of man

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JONATHAN CAPE

making a fool of himself; but that this is far from dull can be seen in a glance at Mr. Turner's Index. Birth control, Blues, Body Odour, Bok . . . Bosoms, Boswell, Bow, Clara . . . Breath, bad, Brides, dishonest, pregnant . . . *Comic Cuts*, Communist courting—quotation could be continued indefinitely. The most alarming entry is probably "Virgins, scarcity of." Not the least intriguing is "Games, in dark."

These Mr Turner traces from their supposed beginnings with the cave-men to their latest tabulation by Dr. Kinsey; but his omissions are rather surprising. For classical antiquity, his star witness is Ovid: for the Middle Ages, Abelard and the writers on courtly love. But he makes no mention of the less respectable Imperial courtships, or of the Goliardi, or of Paolo and Francesca. Later in the day—perhaps advisedly—he leaves out most of the continent of Europe, save for a revealing note that "as recently as February, 1953, the Italian courts were called on to decide whether a kiss between lovers in a cinema constituted an obscene act." Otherwise, his survey takes in most of the sexually significant periods of British and American history; and its only notable gaps here are its silence on love in British universities—a rewarding but uncharted field—and its neglect of the Komical Konversation Kards which beguiled mixed company some forty years ago in the cities of Massachusetts.

Save for the hilarious questionnaire with which Henry VII equipped his ambassadors to the widowed Queen of Naples, the richest sources for Mr. Turner's *History* lie in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The former was markedly unromantic. In flat contradiction of the manufacturers of an historic soap, Mr. Turner thus lifts the veils of George III's ladies: "Making love to a heavily made-up beauty, in those days of imperfect cosmetics, was like making love to an odorous, tacky, puff-ball which was liable to dissolve in dust." It was at about this time that Sir Francis Delaval, having ensnared an heiress worth £240,000, referred to his honeymoon as his harvest-moon: and Sir Richard Steele, in a similar spirit, "plugged up an issue of *The Spectator* with some love letters he had written to Prue when courting her, passing these off as having been written by a gentleman of the Restoration." But the cult of sensibility, the new Victorian refinement, and the spread of Romantic ideas, together replaced the earlier mood. "Bundling", or courting in bed, was still practised in remote districts: "Fornication," wrote the Reverend J. W. Trevor, "was not regarded as vice, scarcely as a frailty, by the common people in Wales." Elsewhere, however, the heyday of formal courtship was at hand. Hemmed in by prudery and chaperones, young men in straw hats made honourable proposals on the river; later, greatly daring, they snatched kisses in the cabins of Ferris Wheels and began to read H. G. Wells. Mr. Turner clearly regrets that era, for his comments on the one that followed, ushered in by the blues and the tango, are unexpectedly sharp. "When the box labelled 'Sex' had been sprung open, the first thing to fly out—though hardly anyone realised it at the time—had been magic." Coupled with the mention of long hair and long skirts, these sound a little like the words of a fetichist: but other comments belie them. "For the first time in history the 'fallen woman' got up again"—"Rarely had schoolmasters confiscated such engrossing literature from their pupils"—"A big office had as many undercurrents of intrigue, as many stealthy courtships, as a Renaissance palace." In spite of cars, telephones, cinemas, and television—even in spite of advertisements ("Don't let *his* eye see unsightly fuzz!")—the magic and the fun still seem to be there; and Mr. Turner's sparkling narrative only adds zest to its subject. It could hardly do otherwise, so long as two and two make one.

RICHARD MAYNE

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THE MAHATMA

In the Shadow of the Mahatma. By G. D. BIRLA. *Orient Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. G. D. Birla, one of India's most successful business men, began his close friendship with Mahatma Gandhi in 1924. Gandhi had just published his autobiography *My Experiments with Truth*, and Birla wrote to him for advice in a difficult dispute within his own Community. He was converted to non-violence when he was with the Mahatma but away from him had his doubts. Was it not too much to expect his followers to receive blows from lathis without complaint; as Hindus, were they not to protect the honour of their womenfolk and was not the violence of Muslims less when they knew that the Hindus were prepared to hit back? Gandhi explained—with the strength of his success as the leader of non-violent resistance in South Africa behind him—that it was long-distance results which had to be considered. He also completed Birla's conversion to the idea of celibacy. (He suggested a vow to be taken in the presence of his wife!) He sought Birla's assistance in his campaign for cow protection and explained to him the advantages of fasting, "not for one or two days but for ten to fifteen days." Fasting, he explained later in a letter to Rajagopalachari, is only useful if it is a spiritual act: "if it is a product of a diseased or an arrogant mind, it will merely torture the body and excite pity or contempt according to the temperament of the people who may hear of it. Do take this advice from an expert." . . . Birla was not convinced at all points by Gandhi; he maintained his own shrewd and independent mind, and up to the last days when Gandhi lived at Birla's house in Delhi, and was murdered in his garden, he treated him with all the deference due to a great man, friend and leader. But he remained at times baffled by his contradictions. Throughout these years he gave large sums of money, not so much to Congress as to particular causes which Gandhi had specially at heart. Gandhi complains that he hardly liked to ask G. D. Birla and his brothers for money because they always gave exactly what he asked. He financed Gandhi's campaigns against Untouchability, and communal violence; he played a leading part in founding *Harijan* and subsidising the Mahatma's scheme for developing cottage industry.

In politics, G. D. Birla has always been a moderate. Like Gandhi, he was an orthodox Hindu and no Socialist. But he was above all a nationalist, long hoping through personal contacts between English politicians and Gandhi, to persuade the British to abandon their illusion that Indians could be bought off with proposals which ensured that at every point the real decisions should be made by the British and that the economic interests of India should be subordinated to those of England. Birla's account of his conversations, in the summer of 1935 and on later occasions, with Conservative, Liberal and Labour leaders show him to be a man not easily gulled, though optimistic about the results of personal contacts. Why, he was perpetually asking, did these men in whose hands the real power of England lay, not realise that Gandhi was a friend of England, and the real safeguard against Communism? They seemed—Lord Lothian, Lord Halifax, Baldwin, Churchill, Lord Linlithgow, Attlee, R. A. Butler, Lord Zetland, the chief officials of the India Office and many others—genuinely men of good will, men of peace, and liberal in their attitude to India. Yet they were afraid to talk to Gandhi or to negotiate with Congress. Some of them, notably Ramsay MacDonald, were mere bags of hot air; others, like Hoare, and of course Halifax, were prepared to make efforts to understand and to listen, especially to an influential business man who knew Gandhi well and was yet prepared to argue that all this odd Eastern moral approach to a political problem ought to be taken seriously. Lunch with Winston Churchill was exhilarating; Birla found him, in his bricklayer's costume, lively and sympathetic but oddly ignorant and out of date about India. The truth is that Churchill as a young polo-playing officer had formed a picture of India that was never true.

Occasionally, Mr. Birla drew a complete blank, as when he talked to the late Lord Salisbury:

> Old deaf man. Not much grit or wit, but feels his responsibility. Asked me if I was attached to Gandhiji, to which I said "Yes." He replied that he had never had the privilege of meeting Mr. Gandhi. . . . He admired Mr. Gandhi's saintliness, great character and good intentions, but he added, "The great mistake that you Indians make is that you are confusing these great qualities with experience. England has got the experience of a thousand years behind her. You have none." I said "Our background is far more ancient and creditable than that of England." He said, "I do not want to minimise your civilisation and philosophy and all that is far greater than that of any other country, but not in democracy. You have yet to learn." I said, "Did you not make mistakes?" He said, "Yes." I added, "Because we are lacking in certain things we need friendship."
> *He is a nice man, but I don't think he could be of use.*

Birla, it will be seen, has the English habit of understatement.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE NEW NYMPHOLEPT

The Pick of Punch. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

The rejuvenation of Mr. Punch under the editorship of Malcolm Muggeridge is quite a phenomenon. The old nympholept has become sharp, slick and satirical, very unlike his former fuddyduddy, and generally unfunny yet somehow institutional self. Is this, as some appear to think, a dire omen? Does it mean that everything is going even faster to hell in a handcart than we had supposed? The reasoning on which such apprehension is based is as follows: the old *Punch* was a product of middle-class complacency; its substitution by a new, bright, hard, more intelligent type of caper must be a symptom of profound upheaval if not despair. The old *Punch* was never satirical, or if it tried to be, the satire had so little acid in it that you could leave a copy about for weeks without it burning the tiniest hole in the carpet. The new is often satirical, but its favour-

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ite target is the Welfare State; it sometimes gives you the impression that it is trying to cash in on the new mood of the depressed middle class who, now that Prolo is doing so well, no longer feel guilty at being beastly about him. The prevailing editorial personality, making use of New Yorker-ish techniques which were part of a liberal humanist tradition, has become Right-wing anarchist. Dog Toby rallies the intelligentsia to a common front of lamenting the cosy world which the old *Punch* used to mirror, and dynamiting the future.

Nothing is more fun than getting together behind the zareba of your own particular class and group background and peppering the philistines, but for really first-class shooting it is necessary to be completely encircled. Too much of the new *Punch* satire is too narrowly angled instead of being directed all round the clock in the great classic Aristophanic tradition. Good satire, however fantastic, must have a basis in objectivity; obsessional repetitions of fallacies—*e.g.*, that psychiatric social workers are responsible for juvenile delinquency—becomes boring. In a class war, whether fought from left or right, top or bottom, truth is still the first casualty. Your Right-wing anarchist is always in danger of becoming a commissar turned inside out.

I must admit that when it comes to demonstrating Mr. Punch's new persona, this selection is not really very satisfactory. There is little here that is directly political, nothing on a par with the notorious "Munich" cartoon of Eden's return from Geneva, a piece of calculated diabolist nihilism if ever there was one. In other respects, too, it is a rather disappointing, not very typical pick. I miss the excellent parody numbers of the *New Yorker* and the *Tatler*; perhaps they do not come within the period. However, there is enough to show the technical improvements in the prose department. Fact was never allowed before, only facetiae. Now there is some nice light reportage: A. V. Davis on the Boulogne day-tripper; Lord Kinross on a Butlin Camp and on Marcus Morris, the Hulton Press Comics editor—considered too progressive in *Punch* and not quite progressive enough in the *Observer;* G. W. Stonier on Kensal Green Cemetery. There are two nice Holmes items by J. B. Boothroyd and T. S. Watt, who admixes Dornford Yates and P. G. Wodehouse for good measure; another good parody is Richard Usborne's blend of a Just So Story and Hemingway on safari. Mr. Muggeridge's discovery, Claud Cockburn, whose reminiscences of *The Times* office in the late Twenties were some of the high spots of this year, is represented by a neat but rather older-fashioned verbalistic piece.

I also get the impression that, despite the factual reporting, the new *Punch* is not so effective as a mirror of contemporary *mœurs* as the old used to be. This may be partly due to modern anti-naturalist conventions of humorous drawing, the influence of surrealism, the vogue for Emett's appreciation of the Gothic and fantastic element in Victorian machinery, the need for slickness. Of drawings in this pick the best in the satirical department are Ronald Searle's Rake's Progress series. The joke drawing average, despite unrestrained New Yorkerismus, remains low. The esoteric Hoffnung, so talented but so wilfully infantilist, permits himself a touch of caricature in his illustrations to Noel Coward's excursus on himself as a composer.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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A PUBLIC LIFE

At the End of the Day. By VISCOUNT MAUGHAM. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

The memoirs of distinguished public servants are usually enlightening, though not always in the way their authors intend. Even if they do not illuminate the darker corners of history, they at least shed light on the character and prejudices of one of its makers, and no wise historian will discard memoirs because they are factually incorrect. Thus even though Lord Maugham tells us very little indeed about his own life, these memoirs are none the less revealing about his personality.

His career has been soundly distinguished. At his first tutorial at Cambridge a friend "said to himself when he observed the rapidity with which I disposed of the rather simple problems which our Tutor set before us, 'This must be Maugham'." Called to the Bar in 1890, he slowly acquired a large Chancery practice, taking silk in 1913. In 1928 he became a Chancery Judge ("There was seldom an appeal from my decisions, and those which were launched were generally unsuccessful"), and a Lord of Appeal in 1935. Then in 1938, on the retirement of Lord Hailsham, he was appointed, somewhat to his surprise, as Lord Chancellor. After nearly fifty years in the recesses of the Chancery Bar he found himself a member of the Cabinet which had to deal with Hitler. For eighteen months he occupied the highest office in the realm. He sat next to some charming duchesses at dinner; the German Ambassador treated him with great courtesy; but about this period Lord Maugham has little else to say. He grappled ably with the legal problems confronting him, and on the outbreak of war he left the Woolsack with some relief, to devote his retirement to discovering, from the best secondary sources available, exactly what had been going on in the world during the past seventy years.

It is the fruit of this study which Viscount Maugham has now presented to us. Out of six hundred pages, barely one quarter are devoted to his own career or to matters of which he has any direct knowledge—a proportion which does better credit to his modesty than his judgment. The rest are a history of his times, compiled from the works most easily available in a good club library. Such a compilation might be acceptable if made with skill in narrative, insight and balance in judgment, or some evidence of intimate knowledge of state affairs. It must be reluctantly stated that of these qualities this work shows very little indeed. The entire treatment of the First World War, occupying a quarter of the book, is disfigured by an hysterical loathing of Lloyd George which invalidates all the author's opinions on his conduct of affairs. He can see nothing but impudence in the view of this "unimportant Welsh solicitor" that the battle of the Somme, in which the British lost 420,000 men, was a disaster. He accepts the view that the German losses of 650,000 justified our generalship. It does not occur to him for a moment that there is more to the art of war than trading blood for blood, other forms of attack than frontal assaults against machine-guns; and that even victories can be, in the long run, disastrous.

The same bland inability to grasp the point at issue is shown in the treatment of the Munich crisis. Lord Maugham has already issued a dignified defence of Mr. Chamberlain against the wilder of his attackers. But the damning charge is not that we surrendered at Munich; it is that after five years of cowardice and blindness we could do nothing else—and that we believed that by doing so we had purchased peace in our time. To that charge Lord Maugham offers, not defence, but further evidence for the prosecution (the italics are mine):

> An ill-educated man who could not even speak German correctly seemed *to most of us* unlikely after his mean and scabrous history to become the leader of a multitude of people, many of whom must have despised him in his early days.

It would be a mistake to say that this book will be totally without value to future historians.

MICHAEL HOWARD

THE SATIRIST

Juvenal the Satirist. By GILBERT HIGHET. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Juvenal's Satires with The Satires of Persius. Translated by WILLIAM GIFFORD (revised by JOHN WARRINGTON). *Dent.* 6*s.*

For a thousand years The Satirist was all the name he needed, so completely did Juvenal dominate his field. If he is now remarkably neglected it's not merely because he wrote in Latin. There is that enduring shift of taste against satire in poetry. We were nurtured on Clive Bell's *Civilisation* in which I seem to remember the only virtue that counted after art was tolerance. Then Freud taught us a kind of clinical forgiveness. And suddenly the bloodiness of man to man leapt a whole world ahead of anything satirists had imagined. Under that monster Domitian, the tyrant of an empire that stretched from Northumberland to the Red Sea, at least three philosophers were executed, some other intellectuals were terribly frightened and Juvenal was exiled to a horrid part of Egypt. In modern times he has lacked a champion: no comprehensive book about him had been written till Mr. Gilbert Highet compiled this one. For the general reader citations from Juvenal are translated into neat English Alexandrines, the Latin in a footnote. But it is obviously a major work of scholarship. The prodigious learning that can spin out connections from the whole of Western literature we may expect, or at any rate hope for, in a professorial book. What makes this an extremely good one of its kind is Mr. Highet's clear crisp style expressing a continuous energy of enjoyment. He, if anyone, can put Juvenal, and perhaps satire too, back upon the map of feeling.

Juvenal made great poetry and coined the maxims which would invest him with the moral influence of a minor prophet ("*Maxima debetur puero reverentia*") out of the saloon-bar rancour of an unsuccessful ex-soldier who found all recent governments tarred with the same brush, but reserved his special venom for the past. It was, he explained, safer that way. He was poor and unappreciated, so he detested niggardly patrons and wealth poured out on luxury. He had a personal loathing for homosexuals which later turned to scabrous contempt. The sixth satire, on marriage, twice as long as any other in 661 lines of fury like a pack of hounds yelping in epigrams, suggests that he may have been briefly married to an aristocratic, cruel, lustful woman, unscrupulous in unfaithfulness to the point of murder, without a shred of humour or good nature. If

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LORD PERCY OF NEWCASTLE

An extended essay, enquiring into the nature of Democracy—*"The course of the world is determined by what men believe; the responsibility of belief is the greatest of the responsibilities which must be borne by a free people and by their governors."* *(Oct. 22, 18/- net)*

Antonia White

BEYOND THE GLASS

The gifted author of *Frost in May* and *The Lost Traveller* writes further the story of Clara Batchelor. *Book Society Recommend.* *(Oct. 22, 12/6 net)*

H. F. M. Prescott

THE UNHURRYING CHASE

A long-awaited re-issue of the famous historical novel, published first in 1925, by the author of *The Man on a Donkey.*

(Oct. 22, 12/6 net)

Jack Finney

FIVE AGAINST THE HOUSE

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Marc Brandel

THE TIME OF THE FIRE

"He is quite certainly among the most important new, post-war American novelists. He is a country in himself, sober, funny, traditional, sui generis." —NEW STATESMAN

(Ready today, 10/6 net)

Diana Gardner

THE INDIAN WOMAN

"A first novel of importance . . . the situation is developed with power and insight. The characters are drawn in the round, and the writing is eloquent and distinguished."—L. A. G. STRONG

(Just out, 12/6 net)

François Mauriac

FLESH AND BLOOD

La Chair et le Sang is his third novel, published in 1920, but never previously translated. The translator, of course, is GERARD HOPKINS.

(Dec. 3, 10/6 net)

Chesley Wilson

SWING FULL CIRCLE

A fast-flowing novel of adventure set on the Yangtze, in the waning hours of the Kuomintang. *"Tough, salty novel . . . both as a reporter and as a novelist, he has done a first-rate job."*—NEW YORK TIMES

(Oct. 22, 12/6 net)

Frank Tilsley

BROTHER NAP

Of *Voice of the Crowd*, the Times Literary Supplement wrote, *"Honest, solid, satisfying and full of interest for its lively contrasts of character as well as for its unusual and carefully documented background."* *(Nov. 12, 12/6 net)*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

this is so the world owes much to an accident. Juvenal was taken up by the Fathers of the Church as a noble pagan who had seen the darkness if not the light, so it was his picture of women that passed into the commonplaces of literature. The satirist's unlucky marriage may have fathered the irritating convention of renaissance lyric poetry that love is unrequited and Celia always unfaithful.

There seems hardly anything relevant to Juvenal that Mr. Highet hasn't said and said well. But I regret the consigning to a note on pp. 295-296 of the author's most intelligent observations on Juvenal's style.

The new Everyman edition of William Gifford's translation of Juvenal and Persius contains a good deal of clever addition and pastiche by Mr. John Warrington who has ventured to supply printable equivalents for those passages about which Scaliger asked, "What could be dirtier than some of Juvenal's verses?" He hasn't corrected some straightforward mistakes: "Sons are still a father's highest cost" should read "lowest." Like many good translators Gifford fails in the grand quotation and goes on too long: *Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum*, "If nature cannot, indignation will make verses" (Highet). "No: Indignation kindling as she views / Shall in each breast a generous warmth infuse, / And pour in tardy Nature's own despite / Such strains as I or Charienus write" (Gifford). But he gives a good impression of Juvenal as a whole. The appalling fish, served at the client's table, that "through half the city's ordure sucked its way," is a nice representation of Juvenal's ability to raise the nasty to its highest power. Juvenal had also the poet's touch for reviving truth and language together in a personal rhythm of quite ordinary words: "*Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo / Invenies?*" However, a man too soaked in his poetry could easily become, as Gifford probably did, the author of the article in *The Quarterly Review* on Keats's *Endymion*.

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THE YOUNG SUPERNATURALIST

The Horse and His Boy. By C. S. LEWIS. *Bles.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Over the Hills to Fabylon. By NICHOLAS STUART GRAY. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Graeme and the Dragon. By NAOMI MITCHISON. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Children of Green Knowe. By LUCY M. BOSTON. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Eagle of the Ninth. By ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Bell Family. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Jane: Young Author. By VALERIE BAXTER. *Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Indifferent work," wrote Hugh Kingsmill, "may be assigned to some deficiency in intelligence, but really bad work always illustrates a weakness, usually the chief weakness, in the writer's character." To the critical reviewer (who, contrary to vulgar belief, is no peevish cynic but a creature of innocent hopefulness), careless and commonplace writing, even in children's books, is always a matter for astonishment. Mr. C. S. Lewis, at least, cannot be accused of not knowing how to write surpassingly well. But his fairy tales have had to serve as a platform for so many small irritabilities, that one could hardly discover his skill as a storyteller for the noise. Kingsley may have carried off this kind of interruptive writing in *The Water Babies*, but only by an outrageous poetic lunacy that gives to his outbursts the gabbling interest of spells.

The Horse and His Boy, however, must be the best-mannered of all Mr. Lewis's stories: though, perhaps, as a sort of revenge, the least magically wild in its fancy. Even so, in its Arabian Nights setting of sultans and dwarfs and viziers, and of the haunted deserts that keep the cities apart, it is riotously fantastic enough. A fisherman's boy, in fact a noble foundling, sets out on a talking horse which befriends him to Narnia, that legendary country which is "wholesome, fruitful and delicious." Aslan, the Lion, which metes out to all creatures its formidable justice (Shasta "had not yet learned that if you do one good deed, your reward usually is to be set to do another and better one") proves, in a resounding chapter, to have been behind all that was noble and cruel in the pilgrimage.

Compared with the marvels of science, the old sort of magic is more various, if less predictable: in fiction, certainly, these opposing necromancies should never be allowed to meet. The author of *Over the Hills to Fabylon* takes care that they do not; for he sets us down at once in a fairy-tale kingdom of princes, shepherds and sorcerers, with nothing more recent than a wing or a broomstick for transport. The Chamberlain's wife, to his lasting vexation, haunts the Court in the guise of a white hound; the boast of the Loathly Worm is that it is "unbelievably loathly"; a cat observes into the air: "Life as a human being is an endless hurly-burly, is it not?" and the king's children practise detachment or love according to their temperament. Mr. Gray, who chiefly writes plays, has a sharp sense of character and dialogue and an almost Gallic elegance of imagination. He never makes the mistake, in these lighthearted and sometimes beautiful fairy tales, of being merely clever at the expense of conviction.

In her gay book, *Graeme and the Dragon*, Mrs. Mitchison sagely contrives to remind us that however inspired the nonsense, it could not exist without the laws it diverges from. Graeme, a boy, acquires a dragon and reduces it to matchbox size by means of a magic umbrella. He finds that dragons' teeth, when planted, come up as redcoats or Pipe-Majors or khaki Territorials according to the manure that is used. Greek maidens, abandoned by a Minocow (or female Minotaur) that has strayed on the scene, provide wives for this miniature army. News of the approaching Coronation (1953) provokes the dragon to reminiscence.

"What was the Dragon Queen like?" asked Graeme.

"A beautiful pale crinkly green," said the dragon, "like the inside of a wonderful cabbage."

Regaining its original size, it flies off to London to join in procession the heraldic Rouge Dragon, and we hear of it last, very neatly retired from the story, as custodian of the Crown Jewels.

In *The Children of Green Knowe* a solitary little boy comes to stay in one of those fine old feudal country houses which are still the architectural mainstay of children's fiction. He finds for playmates three seventeenth-century children, earlier members of his family, who died in the Plague. Even old Boggis, the gardener, has his ancestral counterpart; and the line continues. Left with a daughter only, the old man explains with a touch of rustic humour to the boy that he has handed down his name after all through a natural grandchild. It is a charming ghost story, very prettily embroidered, but not wholly satisfying, for it fails to reach from the private theme of family continuance to the larger one of personality. Or is it that a book which falls back on the old conventions has twice the resources, and so needs to be twice as resourceful to use them?

One of the most interesting writers of children's historical novels today is Rosemary Sutcliff; her new book, *The Eagle of the Ninth*, seems to me a work of real distinction. It concerns a young Roman's first few years in Britain, and his journey into the Caledonian north, after a wound has put him out of Army service, to see if any trace can be found of the mysteriously vanished Ninth Legion. Second-century Britain may not seem an enticing period; yet Miss Sutcliff writes so evocatively and well, and with so skilful an avoidance of pitfalls, that I would recommend her book not only to older boys and girls but to any adult who likes, in reading, the serious historical story, the enigma and the quest.

The rarest good books are about ordinary life today; one must admire, therefore, the expert hand behind *The Bell Family*—a particularly pleasant reminder of the narrative potentialities of rather poor (professional) families in rather large houses. The house, in this case, is a south-east London Rectory. "Alex (the Bells' father) was a very clergyman sort of clergyman, so he thought the place where he was most needed was the loveliest place to be, so Cathy knew it was no use saying to him: 'Oh, Alex, do tell the bishop we won't come here.'" Readers have a choice of four nicely discriminated children, gifted or misunderstood, with which to identify themselves; there are also the parents, a dog, a hymn-singing daily help who is both disciplinarian and confidant, and a headmistress with a stern front and a heart of gold. Our own choice would be the solid Virginia, who notes dispassionately that the games' captain and the head girl are not happily cast in the school play as the porcelain shepherd and shepherdess; and who did her good deed of minding the verger's baby with reluctance, because it had "a sneering face."

Jane: Young Author, one of those delightful career novels, plunges us straight into the maelstrom of literary London. Abandoning her medical training, the heroine spends her twenty-first birthday evening going to "an N.B.L. thing"—a talk "in well-phrased sentences" by a popular novelist. At a party she sees "Monica Fulton," who is "with the O.U.P. One of their bright backroom girls in the children's department. She has probably spotted more errors in the typescripts of children's books than anyone else in London." She acquires and loses a job with a firm of literary agents in Long Acre, and another with publishers in Bedford Square. She writes a first novel whose manuscript, at the first sending, is very politely returned. But the most encouraging of her adventures is a meeting with a freelance who at the start of her career placed "stuff" in *Tit-Bits*, *John o' London's*, the *Spectator*, *Time and Tide*, *Everybody's* and *Punch*. "I got into THE NEW STATESMAN occasionally," adds this versatile creature; "and, of course, there was always the *Evening News*."

NAOMI LEWIS

Conquest By Man
PAUL HERRMANN
The marvellous story of the men who first explored the lands and seas of our world.
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Illustrated 30s. net

My Civil War Diary
WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL
'Flashes of insight and shrewd comments show Russell's brilliance as a reporter.'—*New Statesman*
'A fine example of war correspondence.'—*Manchester Guardian*
Illustrated 21s. net

The White Wand
L. P. HARTLEY
'A master of the macabre.'—JOHN BETJEMAN (*Daily Telegraph*)
'He has a special gift for conveying a sense of irrational fear.'—*Punch* 10s. 6d. net

Mr. Hobbs' Holiday
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'Delightful . . . Effortlessly funny.'—ALISON BLAIR (*Sunday Times*)
'A humorist who squeezes his wry smiles from the defeat of the American male.'—*Spectator*
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The Ponder Heart
EUDORA WELTY
A richly comic character study by one of the foremost living American novelists.
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The Bad Seed
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An Introduction to American Politics
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Recommended by the Book Society. 12s. 6d.

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VYVYAN HOLLAND
'A moving, intelligent and notably restrained book. He has rounded off the Victorian tragedy. It is a brave book, with lessons for the thoughtful.'
DAILY TELEGRAPH
'One essential part of the story that had been left untold . . . has now been brilliantly supplied. A book which it is impossible to read without strong emotion.' LORD BIRKENHEAD
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The Letters of W. B. Yeats
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MANCHESTER GUARDIAN
BOOK SOC. RECOMMEND *Illustrated.* 63s.

The First Night of 'Twelfth Night'
LESLIE HOTSON
'Dr. Hotson's new book is in many ways his most remarkable one . . . a brilliant account . . . When all has been said this will remain one of the most exciting books on Shakespeare's environment yet published, and it should please a "great Variety of Readers".'
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A Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

THE books listed below are a selection from those which are expected for publication between now and March, 1955. For reasons of space we have had to leave out some titles announced for publication in this period, as they have already appeared in our Spring selected list. Books already published are not included, even if we have not yet reviewed them, nor are reprints. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

MAURICE W. BROCKWELL: The Van Eyck Problem. *Chatto.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK: Art and the Idea of Progress. *Cresset.* Unpriced.
H. FRANKFORT: Art and Architecture of the Ancient Orient. *Penguin Books.* 42*s.*
THOMAS GIRTIN AND DAVID LOSHAK: Art of Thomas Girtin. *Black.* 50*s.*
W. HAFTMANN: Mind and Work of Paul Klee. *Faber.* 30*s.*
G. H. HAMILTON: Art and Architecture of Russia. *Penguin Books.* 42*s.*
STELLA KRAMRISCH: Art of India. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*
WYNDHAM LEWIS: The Demon of Progress in the Arts. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
MAURICE RAYNAL: Cézanne. *Zwemmer.* 35*s.*
THOMAS SUTTON: The Daniells. *Bodley Head.* 84*s.*
H. TISCHNER AND F. HEWICKER: Oceanic Art. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s.*

Autobiography, Memoirs, Letters

S. N. BEHRMAN: The Worcester Account. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
JOCELYN BROOKE: Private View. *Barrie.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
IVOR BROWN: Way of My World. *Collins.* 16*s.*
SIR HUBERT GOUGH: Soldiering On. *Barker.* 18*s.*
TRISTRAM HILLIER: Leda and the Goose. *Longmans.* 16*s.*
L. E. JONES: A Victorian Boyhood. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*
THOMAS JONES: A Diary with Letters, 1931-1950. *Oxford.* 30*s.*
LADY EMILY LUTYENS: Candles in the Sun. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*
DOMINIQUE MAROGER (ed.): Memoirs of Catherine the Great. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*
AUBREY MENEN: Dead Man in the Silver Market. *Chatto.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
MISTINGUETT: Autobiography. *Elek.* 21*s.*
EDWIN MUIR: An Autobiography. *Hogarth.* 18*s.*
ADA REEVE: Take It for a Fact. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
R. M. RILKE: Letters to Frau Gudi Nölke. *Hogarth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
A C ROSS (T. E. LAWRENCE): The Mint. *Cape.* 17*s.* 6*d.*
HJALMAR SCHACHT: My First 76 Years. *Wingate.* 25*s.*
G. B. STERN: All in Good Time. *Sheed & Ward.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
LORD TEMPLEWOOD: Nine Troubled Years. *Collins.* 21*s.*
SUSAN TWEEDSMUIR: A Winter Bouquet. *Duckworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Biography

SEBASTIEN ARBÓ: Miguel de Cervantes. *Thames & Hudson.* 21*s.*
RICHARD ALDINGTON: Lawrence of Arabia. *Collins.* 25*s.*
CYNTHIA ASQUITH: Portrait of Barrie. *Barrie.* 15*s.*
CHARLES BEATTY: His Country Was the World: Gordon of Khartoum. *Chatto.* 18*s.*
HECTOR BOLITHO: Jinnah: creator of Pakistan. *Murray.* 18*s.*
ASA BRIGGS: Victorian People. *Odhams.* 18*s.*
LEWIS BROAD: Friendships and Follies of Oscar Wilde. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*
JOHN BUXTON: Sir Philip Sidney. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*
ALAN CAMPBELL-JOHNSON: Anthony Eden. *Hale.* 16*s.*
HESTER W. CHAPMAN: Queen Anne's Son. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
CONSTANTIN DE GRUNWALD: Peter the Great. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*
LORD ELTON: General Gordon. *Collins.* 25*s.*
DEREK HUDSON: Lewis Carroll. *Constable.* 21*s.*
MAURICE LINDSAY: Robert Burns. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*
BARNET LITVINOFF: Ben-Gurion of Israel. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*
JACK LOUDAN: O Rare Amanda. *Chatto.* 15*s.*
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HESKETH PEARSON: Walter Scott. *Methuen.* 21*s.*
JOHN ROWLAND: George Stephenson. *Odhams.* 15*s.*
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C. E. WURTZBURG: Raffles of the Eastern Isles. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 42*s.*

Criticism and Essays

PETER ALEXANDER: Hamlet: Father and Son. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
WALTER ALLEN: The English Novel. *Phoenix House.* 18*s.*
F. W. BATESON: Wordsworth: a re-assessment. *Longmans.* 25*s.*
E. K. BENNETT: Stefan George. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6*s.*
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LAURENCE BRANDER: George Orwell. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
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A. R. HUMPHREYS: The Augustan World. *Methuen.* 16*s.*
HUGH KENNER: Wyndham Lewis. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
G. WILSON KNIGHT: Laureate of Peace: Alexander Pope. *Routledge.* 21*s.*
JANKO LAVRIN: Goncharov. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6*s.*
ROBERT LIDDELL: Novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
J. M. LINDSAY: Thomas Mann. *Blackwell.* 25*s.*
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM: Ten Novels and Their Authors. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
M. H. PARKER: Shakespeare and the Idea of Justice. *Chatto.* 18*s.*
J.-P. SARTRE: Literary and Philosophical Essays. *Rider.* 18*s.*
DYLAN THOMAS: Quite Early One Morning. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
GEOFFREY TILLOTSON: Thackeray the Novelist. *Cambridge.* 22*s.* 6*d.*
G. H. VALLINS: Better English. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
GEOFFREY WALTON: Metaphysical to Augustan. *Bowes & Bowes.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Drama, Films, Music, Dancing

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DANIEL BLUM: A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen. *Hamish Hamilton.* 50*s.*
O. E. DEUTSCH: Handel. *Black.* 70*s.*
RICHARD FINDLATER: Grimaldi, king of clown. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*
GROVE (ed. ERIC BLOM): Dictionary of Music and Musicians—completely revised. *Macmillan.* 9 vols. £36.
HUGH HUNT: The Director in the Theatre. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
DENIS JOHNSTON: The Golden Cuckoo. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
ERNEST NEWMAN: More Opera Nights. *Putnam.* 42*s.*
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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: The Rose Tattoo. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
T. R. YBARRA: Caruso. *Cresset.* 18*s.*

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MAURICE FREEDMAN (ed.): A Minority in Britain: the Anglo-Jewish Community. *Vallentine, Mitchell.* 21*s.*
D. P. GEDDES (ed.): Analysis of the Kinsey Reports. *Muller.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
GEOFFREY GORER: Exploring English Character. *Cresset.* unpriced.
C. G. JUNG: Answer to Job. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
V. D. LIPMAN: Social History of the Jews in England. *Watts.* 18*s.*
J. B. MARTIN: Break Down the Walls. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*
A. H. RICHMOND: The Colour Problem. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
JEAN ROLIN: Police Drugs. *Hollis & Carter.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
JEAN STOETZEL: Without the Chrysanthemum and the Sword. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*
KENNETH WALKER and CHARLES FLETCHER: Sex and Society. *Muller.* 15*s.*

Fiction

RUTH ADAM: So Sweet a Changeling. *Chapman & Hall.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
KINGSLEY AMIS: That Uncertain Feeling. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
NIGEL BALCHIN: Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
H. E. BATES: The Feast of July. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
I. COMPTON-BURNETT: Mother and Son. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
A. E. COPPARD: Lucy in Her Pink Jacket. *Nevill.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
CLEMENCE DANE: The Flower Girls. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s.*
JEAN DUTOURD: The Milky Way. *Museum Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
ILYA EHRENBURG: The Thaw. *Harvill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
KARL ESKA: The Five Seasons. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*
ROY FULLER: Fantasy and Fugue. *Verschoyle.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD: Fellow Passengers. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
ELSPETH HUXLEY: A Thing to Love. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
MICHAEL INNES: The Man from the Sea. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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FICTION

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The virtue of this selection from Livingstone's travel books and journals* is its dullness—the reader must dig himself for the vivid fact or the revealing sentence. Livingstone was not primarily concerned with the beauty of the scenery or the drama of his journeys: he was concerned, at the beginning, with the location of healthy mission stations, later with discovering trade routes (which he considered might help towards the extinction of slavery)—the discoveries of Lake Shira and Lake Nyasa had no drama for him: they were incidental.

> We discovered Lake Nyasa a little before noon on September 16, 1859. Its southern end is 14° minutes 25′ South lat., 35° 30′ E. long. At this point the valley is about 12 miles wide. There are hills on both sides of the lake.

The plot of the novel catches the attention, but the subject lies deeper. "The Nile sources are valuable only to me as a means of opening my mouth with power."

Literary expression was not Livingstone's object—a compass reading was more important for his mission. ("It seems a pity that the important facts about two healthy ridges should not be known to Christendom.") But in the early years when he wrote for publication, *Missionary Travels and Researches, The Zambesi and Its Tributaries*, he thought it necessary to take as his model the work of other Victorian travel books.

> We proceeded rapidly up-river. The magnificent stream is often more than a mile broad and is adorned by many islands from three to five miles in length. The beauty of the scenery on some of these islands is greatly increased by the date-palm with its gracefully curved fronds and refreshing light-green colour, while the lofty palmyra towers above and casts its feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. The banks of the river are equally covered by forest and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches, like the banian. The adjacent country is rocky and undulating, abounding in elephants and all other large game, except leches and nakongs, which seem generally to avoid stony ground.

The airs and graces were to be shed when he was no longer concerned in advancing the sales of his books at home and increasing his opportunities for work. In the final journals we get the hard truthful writing of which he was capable. Written for no one but himself during that terrible seven-year journey, they present a picture quite different to those bas-reliefs of a missionary in a peaked consular cap, Bible in hand, surrounded by his native followers. Tired out, disillusioned (for now he was dependent upon the very slave traders whom he wished to put out of business for ever), uncertain of everything (even of the Zambesi whose navigability had been his obstinate dream) except of his simple evangelical faith, so free from the complex dogmas of a theologian—just God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. (The Apostles' Creed was nearer to him than the Athanasian.)

How little experience is needed in a reader to make him realise the appalling nature of the seven-year journey. This reviewer has experienced only four weeks of African travel on foot, one strike of carriers, one bad Chief, a single night of high fever, only a few days when provisions grew short—but multiplying that small experience nearly a hundred times in days and how many hundred times in privation, it seems almost incredible that Livingstone could have gone on for so long without returning to civilisation. Dr. Miller admirably describes the condition of all African travel—the spider-web of tracks that may lead somewhere or nowhere.

> One of the amazing features of Africa is the close network of footpaths that exists everywhere—and leads everywhere—highly convenient for movement within a limited neighbourhood, but most confusing for the stranger wishing to make a long cross-country traverse; and placing him at the mercy of guides who may mislead him, deliberately or accidentally, or simply immobilise him by withdrawing their services. . . . Thus we find Livingstone, like many other African travellers, subjected to expensive and infuriating delays by the refusal of chiefs to supply guides. He navigated and fixed the framework of his maps by means of sextant observations, of course, but these could not tell him which fork of the path led merely to an outfield, and which to the next village on his route; which to a swamp and which to the ford on the river.

Here are a few jottings of his journey.

Christmas Day 1866. "A little indigestible porridge, of hardly any taste, is now my fare and it makes me dream of better."

January, 1867 (the great journey was not yet a year old). Deserting carriers stole

> all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour we had purchased dearly to help us as far as the Chambesi, the tools, two guns and a cartridge pouch; but the medicine chest was the sorest loss of all. I felt as if I had received a sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie.

October, 1867. "Sore bones; much headache; no appetite; much thirst."

December, 1867. "I am so tired of exploration. . . ."

July, 1868. "Here we cooked a little porridge, and then I lay down on one side, and the canoe men and my attendants at the fire in the middle. I was soon asleep and dreamt I had apartments in Mivart's hotel."

5th July, 1872. (Stanley by this time had come and gone.) "Weary! Weary!"—but there were still ten months to go.

All the last months of the seven years' trek were spent in a flat prairie waste of water; the earth, what there was of it, was like adhesive plaster. In one night six inches of rain fell. Canoes sank and stuck; tents became rotten, clothes were never dry. There are moments when the reader feels as though Livingstone had forgotten his true purpose, which was not to explore the limit of human endurance but to reach the Lualaba river and sail down it in the hope that it might lead him to the Nile and its sources (even that was only a means to the great white trade routes, the blessings as he believed of commerce, the end of slavery). He was in Childe Roland's territory now—"a lion wandered into this world of water and anthills and roared night and morning." What a long way he had come from the gracefully curved fronds, the magnificent streams, the lofty palmyra towers. Like Stevenson struggling with *Weir* he had reached rock at the moment of death.

The comparison between these two Scotsmen is oddly close. Under the literary polish of the Vailima Prayers was a simplicity of faith very similar to Livingstone's. Does it come from a Scottish upbringing—this ability to feel regret without remorse, to pardon oneself and accept one's weakness, the ability to leave oneself to God? "For our sins forgiven or prevented, for our shame unpublished, we bless and thank Thee, O God." Thus Stevenson, and thus Livingstone:

> We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving. And may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass, and prosper me. Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake.

At the end they shared the same sense of failure. Who suffered most? Stevenson two months before his death writing "I am a fictitious article and have long known it. I am read by journalists, by my fellow novelists, and by boys," or Livingstone finding himself embroiled in the slave trade he hated: "I am heart sore and sick of human blood. . . . I doubt whether the divine favour and will is on my side."

For the end their wish was the same. It is impossible not to recall the grave on Mount Vaea and the over-familiar verses, "Here he lies where he longed to be," when we read in Livingstone's journal on June 25, 1868:

> We came to a grave in the forest. It was a little rounded mound, as if the occupant sat in it. It was strewn over with flour, and a number of large beads had been put on it. A little path showed that it had visitors. That is the sort of grave I should prefer. To lie in the

* *Livingstone's Travels.* Edited by Dr. James I. Macnair. *Dent.* 21s.

still, still forest, with no hand ever to disturb my bones. Graves at home seem to me miserable and without elbow room, especially those in cold, damp clay.

Stevenson's wishes were the more respected, for Livingstone's embalmed body was brought home to the damp clay and the lack of elbow room in the nave of Westminster Abbey.

Less than a hundred years have gone by since Livingstone's death and we can see the measure of his failure in East Africa today. The trade routes have been opened up, slavery has been abolished, but the true lesson of Livingstone's life was completely forgotten. "In attempting their moral elevation," Livingstone wrote of the Africans, "it is always more conducive to the end desired that the teacher should come unaccompanied by any power to cause either jealousy or fear." In the same book he wrote "Good manners are as necessary among barbarians as among the civilised," but during those weeks in Stanley's company he had failed to influence his companion except superficially. It was to Stanley and his Maxim guns and rawhide whips that the future in East Africa belonged, and it was Stanley's methods that left a legacy of hate and distrust throughout Africa.

GRAHAM GREENE

The first series of Ariel poems—which included *Marina* and *The Journey of the Magi*, with McKnight Kauffer illustrations—have become justly famous. Now Fabers have launched a new Ariel series (at 2*s*. each), of which the first titles are Roy Campbell's *Nativity*, illustrated by James Sellars; Louis MacNeice's *The Other Wing* (ill. Michael Ayrton), Edwin Muir's *Prometheus* (ill. John Piper), and Stephen Spender's *Sirmione Peninsula* (ill. Lynton Lamb). Further titles are promised from Auden, Day Lewis, de la Mare, Eliot.

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The garden is not a garden, it is an
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The trees are not rooted in earth, then:
they are rooted in Zen.
And this Tea has nothing to do with thirst:
It says the unsayable. And this bowl
is no vessel: it is the First
And the Last, it is the Whole.

Beyond the bamboo fence are life-size people,
Rooted in precious little, without benefit of
philosophy,
Who grow the rice, who deliver the goods, who
Sometimes bear the unbearable. They too
drink tea, without much ceremony.

So pour the small beer, Sumichan. And girls,
permit yourselves a hiccup, the thunder
Of humanity. The helpless alley is held by
sleeping beggars under
Their stirring beards, and the raw fish curls
At the end of the day, and the hot streets cry
for the careless scavengers.

We too have our precedents. Like those who
invented this ceremony.
We drink to keep awake. What matter
If we find ourselves beyond the pale,
the pale bamboo?

THE FIGHT AGAINST ILLITERACY

The wreckage of reviews, the offal of off-prints,
litter my desk.
In the paddy-field an ancient woman spoons to
each
young plant its ration
Of hot harsh food. So small, so single, so delicate,
her bowels melt with compassion.

The arrogant cobwebs shout for humility,
The grave intellectuals are doing their strip-
tease—
I am told I resemble what the rice is reared on—
Despair—the well-fed writers cry—Down, down
on
your knees—

Down on her knees the ancient woman soothes
her rice.
I shall teach her to read what the gentlemen
write.
She will scream and run off, trampling the rice to
jelly.
And the spiders shall cease to spin,
As the pain in the neck descends to the belly,
where lessons begin.

D. J. ENRIGHT

CELLAR RATS

Guignol's Band. By CÉLINE. *Translated by Vision Press.* 15*s*.

The secret source of that powerful novel *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit* was an oceanic self-pity, and a sweeping capacity for detail, speed and event disguised the fact. In Céline's succeeding novels, the self-pity has become hysterical and stylistically exhausting. *Guignol's Band* is made up of short breathless sentences, ejaculations, dashes, exclamations and asterisks and, in this respect, is a notable feat of typewriting by someone who appears to have had a knock on the head. This is, of course, also the condition of his characters. They are the foul-mouthed, feeble-minded of the London underworld: prostitutes, pimps, crooks and cranks, and the knock is the 1914 war. They keep themselves going by drink, by brawling, by commercial or perverted sex, and Céline's intention is to present them through the haze of their hallucinations. The result is a collection of personal nightmares. So far, so tedious. The redeeming side is that the book contains the corruption in long passages of gross and grotesque comedy, for part of each nightmare is knockabout farce and this is very well done. There is no doubt that Céline is an artist in portraying people whose moral sense has been bitten off by rats. He is essentially a picaresque novelist and the essence of that genre was originally its fantasy and exaggeration as well as its taste for the sourness of low life.

We find ourselves among a collection of French down-and-outs in Wapping in 1914, all provided with false papers and all anxious to dodge the war. They are chivvied by the police, who blackmail them. (Céline is an expert in our hypocrisies.) The first comedy concerns a kind of king of pimps who is saddled with a difficult gang of tarts. They drink, they fight, they run close to murder. The narrator, a wounded soldier, is eventually thrown in with an absurd pawnbroker and his mistress—creatures out of Balzac or Dickens—who are both admirably drawn and there ensue a great many more fights, brawls and orgies which end in the death of the old man. The final comedy deals with a showman who combines astrology with sadism, and here there is a glint of comic compassion. Like all the other characters this one is half mad or, at any rate, feebly absorbed in private fantasies. To Céline, the London dockland of 1914, is a branch of the picturesque London of Doré engravings, which Continental writers have always enjoyed the idea of—a place of fog, rain, tobacco-smoke, over-sweetened by gin. There is no doubt he is susceptible to atmosphere and to the stupid, self-destructive and anarchic forces in human character, which, by an act of tough sentimentality, he detaches from the control of all moral sense. This ought to make his people mythical; they ought to be giants. They are in fact grotesques, but grotesques whose habits are petty and pathetic. Their obsessions are small and (if they were not almost pretentiously squalid) quaint.

Yet Céline is shrewd about poverty. One of the best things in the book is the long portrait of Claben, the East End pawnbroker. Cracked, avaricious, suspicious, arrogant and asthmatic, this little horror lives among his absurd collection of pawned things, with a woman called Delphine, who is nominally his genteel maid, and actually his tyrant. The Delphine instinct for respectability is inextinguishable in English life. Delphine has the airs of a lady; her pleasure is to go on the bottle and then to stand up in the gallery of a theatre and declaim what she supposes to be the lines of the play, to the delight of the audience. She is a tolerated London lunatic, the lark of the theatre queues and a problem to the police. As for Claben:

> He didn't have many teeth left, he'd splutter over the stumps, it kept him from swallowing . . . Delphine had to chop up everything fine, especially meat, his big beaf steaks at two and six! The customers liked him as he was, that's a fact, may be because of his hocus pocus, oriental jacket, his Ali Baba style, his incense, his hangings, everything. . . . The English like it when foreigners remain quaint. . . . And don't start playing the gentleman and stay as is, humbugs . . . a sort of monkey.

Claben extorted, cheated, tyrannised over his customers, but the more he did so the more they loved him. When he was taken ill, crowds came to inquire about him, bringing presents of fruit and flowers:

> The worst cut-throats of the poor enjoy prestige . . . often fawned upon, soft soaped, while the nice ones are massacred . . . pulverise some poor guy and no crapping around! . . . take advantage of utter misery, so they puke blood, that's the very essence of magic, real spell-binding, the height of beauty.

Claben is accidentally killed by a pair of drunks who, thinking that he needs a shock to cure him of an asthmatic fit, jump on his chest and strangle him. The idea (allowing for their exalted condition) appears to have been disinterested.

Macabre comedy, brutal hilarity are in Céline's vein. Behind the self-pity and the cynicism is an admiration of power and violence, a belief in frenzy and excitement and the sentimental exaltation of the irrational. In practice this may mean no more than falling down stairs dead drunk into a pile of crockery or beating an old woman with an umbrella. He does penetrate the sullen, private

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world of the conceited outcast; what offends is that he wallows in it very self-consciously, whereas the underdogs themselves do not know they are wallowing. He puts a lurid spotlight on them and then winds the handle of his literary barrel organ. Compared with *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit*, this is inferior stuff, but as a piece of caricature of the seamy kind, it has originality and anecdotal skill. The translation is admirable except when it is marked by Americanisms which have as little to do with the East End of 1914 as Céline's garbled version of the popular song of the war:

> Hide your trouble! Hide your bag!
> And sing! sing! sing!

An odd note of unintentional refinement in a raucous book.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CASE-HISTORY OF GENIUS

John Ruskin. By JOAN EVANS. *Cape.* 25*s.*

In his heyday as a preacher on art and morals, John Ruskin trumpeted his views on every conceivable subject in the ear of any Victorian who would listen. And, in case anything had been left out, during his later years of retirement he introduced some final comments on life into his autobiography. (After his death his collected works took ten years to publish, and fill thirty-nine volumes.) His whole attitude to the world was that of a man who has nothing to hide. Yet the truth about this remarkable being has only recently come to light, for his secrets have been well kept by scientific ignorance and prudery. The Victorians realised that Ruskin went mad before he died, but they knew little about insanity, and even less about psychology; they could not diagnose his disease nor recognise its early symptoms. When the Slade Professor began to flap round his lecture-room like a vulture it was put down to eccentricity, but when he interrupted a discourse on Sir Joshua Reynolds to break into bad language it became clearly advisable for him to take a long rest. In fact, the Oxford audience was only witnessing an extreme phase of the manic-depressive pendulum on which Ruskin had been swinging to and fro since childhood. The nineteenth century paid even less attention to the deleterious consequences of severe parental control. Mr. Barrett could ruin his daughters with impunity; and James Ruskin, together with his puritanical wife, by thwarting their precocious son's first love for a girl, saw to it that he was conditioned to a lifetime of sexual sterility. Now that the documents concerning the wretched marriage with Effie Gray have been recently published in Admiral James's *The Order of Release* and Mr. Whitehouse's *Vindication of Ruskin*, two and two can be put together. Ruskin was not impotent, as was commonly supposed, but the only intercourse with women in which he could indulge was in the realm of phantasy.

Biographies of Ruskin have previously been based on incomplete knowledge, but the gaps can now be filled in. Dr. Joan Evans is able to peer deeper beneath the troubled surface of that frantic mind than any of her predecessors. She has assisted in editing Ruskin's *Diaries*, which are still unpublished; she has studied his alternations of mood in accordance with the latest medical opinion on manic-depressive insanity; she can interpret the failure of his marriage and his fixation on young girls in terms of arrested sexual development; and, as an experienced art historian herself, she can appraise his famous æsthetic judgments for what they were worth, and arraign their baneful influence on Victorian architecture. Perhaps, however, Dr. Evans's greatest asset is that she is a woman. There was a babyish and effeminate streak in Ruskin, ever clamorous for petting and sympathy, that estranges the masculine observer. ("He is weakness, pure and simple," said the young Henry James, who was no aggressive male himself.) Dr. Evans can overlook such puerile manifestations because she understands the neurotic compulsion that lay behind it, and her instinct makes her respond with compassion. Ruskin, as she sees him—and every reader of her fine book will agree with her—was a lonely man, doomed by heredity and upbringing to misery and frustration, cut off from the comfort of human society by the vagaries of his mental state, unable to love or be loved properly, for ever toppling over the crest of exaltation into the trough of despair; a failure as an artist and an impossible art critic, a failure again when he turned from art to social reform, but triumphantly rescued from utter failure by his wonderful power of self-expression. The evil genius of madness that tortured him has bequeathed us "a great master of prose."

Among the quotations from the *Diaries* here printed for the first time there is an astonishing entry for July 2nd, 1854, at Lucerne. ". . . Received my third call from God . . . ", and in a footnote Dr. Evans dates the two previous calls from the same quarter back to 1845 and 1852. The usual effect of a mystical experience is to fortify the recipient to undergo all subsequent trials with a serene conscience. (It will be remembered that Florence Nightingale's call from God kept her going for half a century without further misgiving.) Yet with Ruskin the magic did not work; in later life he was much troubled by religious doubts. The explanation probably lies in the double character to which his mental disease reduced him. At moments of elation he could fully believe in God and his own mission, but in the days of despondency his deity became the Devil, who emitted smoke from factory chimneys to besmirch the beauty of Nature and darken his mind with hatred of the industrial age. Man was tempted no longer with apples, but with machinery; and Ruskin was inclined to think that the Devil had won. When he founded the Society of St. George to fight the dragon, when he feverishly pounded the working classes with *Fors Clavigera* to induce them to mend their ways, when he persuaded Oscar Wilde to take a hand in building the Hinksey Road, it was to save his own soul as much as to save England. Even his passion for painting and architecture became a casualty in the battle against evil. And in the end man and all his works became devilish and detestable. As he said in old age, with the candour that always distinguished him, to an astonished Professor of Art on a visit to Coniston: "I have come to the conclusion that it is not Art that I loved but Nature; in fact, I believe I have hated Art."

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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The Nightmare. By C. S. FORESTER. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Desperate Hours. By JOSEPH HAYES. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Renée is not my favourite Colette heroine. She lacks the full-blown voluptuary sweetness of Léa, and she protests, first her love and then her independence, a great deal too much. I shall continue to prefer Julie de Carneilhan, who simply walks out on her tiresome lovers and gets on with the serious business of living. Yet Renée, like all Colette's creations, is a divine animal, a pearl of her sex. Listening to her as she spills out her moods and feelings, as her fierce muliebrity beats over us in waves from the open page, one reflects sadly on how little genuine sensuality the modern novel contains. Our contemporary heroines may be as pert as Beatrice and as intense as Jane Eyre, but for the most part they are woefully undersexed.

Having prudently put some 900 miles between himself and Dr. Leavis's Old Guard, the present writer dares to go further and perversely meditate on how alike in some respects Colette and Lawrence were! Alvina, the heroine of *The Lost Girl*, is Renée's only counterpart on this side of the Channel. Both women are obsessed with the mystery of the other sex, the Parisienne full of in-

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OCTOBER—MONTREUX FESTIVAL

tuitions, humming with experience, Alvina emotionally inarticulate, yet ready to be wakened from her Midland stupor:

> Alvina had kept a little photograph of the man. She would often go and look at it. Love?—no, it was not love! It was something more primitive still. It was curiosity, deep, radical, burning curiosity. How she looked and looked at his dark, impertinent-seeming face. A flicker of derision came into her eyes. Yet still she looked.
>
> Does he think? Does he read? Does he work? I believe he belongs to that large rather commonplace class of persons who are interested in everything and do absolutely nothing. . . .
>
> Let me mention what I like best in him: a look that is sometimes absent and seeking, and that kind of private smile in the eyes which one sees in sensitive people who are both violent and shy.

Both women, as a result of circumstances, find themselves in a garish 1910 theatre world. Personally, with the exception of the immortal Crummleses, I am deeply allergic to theatrical life in fiction. It is almost always far louder, sadder and funnier than the real thing, and the merest sniff at a stick of grease-paint can be guaranteed to send the finest writer plunging into troughs of false sentiment. So I prefer Lawrence's gay, insouciant troupe of Natcha-Kee-Tawaras, who are out of this world anyway, to Colette's tubercular clowns and raddled old café-concerteers. Yet this novel is wonderfully worth reading. It has all Colette's zest and tang, all her reverence for fruits, animals, seasons, human beings—the newly brushed poodle gleaming "black as a truffle," the "wintry wood with its grey twigs aginst a chinchilla sky."

Judging by the contents of this new volume of short stories, Mr. C. S. Forester is trying to give imaginative support to Lord Russell of Liverpool's *Scourge of the Swastika*. "Not one of these stories," he tells us in a foreword,

> tells of an actual happening, but all of them except the last could easily have happened. From the thousands of pages of matter—sworn evidence at the Nuremberg and Belsen trials, sober history, self-exculpatory memoirs, and actual documents, which have appeared since the fall of the Nazi regime—could be gathered material for many stories, most of them hardly credible on account of their cynicism or horror. . . . .

It is strange to find Hornblower's creator in this horrible *galère*, though I must admit that I found the book as a whole absorbing. Mr. Forester spares us nothing. We sup on horrors—the camps, the gas chambers, the Bomb Plot and its sequel, the "Night of the Long Knives." As readers of his *Randall and the River of Time* will remember, Mr Forester has a powerful bent for inventions. In the best story of this book, *The Physiology of Fear*, he gives his hobby a terrible twist.

The Desperate Hours is an excellent novel of suspense. Three convicts, one of them a killer, another an epileptic, escape from an Indianapolis gaol. Having killed a farmer and stolen his grey sedan, they set about looking for a respectable frontage. They hit on a typical Middletown family and move in on the house. They will hide out for a few hours, they tell Mom and Pop—until they get funds from Cincinnati. But the dollars fail to arrive: the men's nerve crumbles, the family's fear mounts. They are as much afraid of F.B.I. recklessness as of their guests. A first-class situation, brilliantly handled. As with most first novels, this book has certain faults. The family, the police, the good Americans, are over-sentimentalised, the convicts insufficiently explored. Yet this remains the most successful horror story that I have read for a long time.

JOHN RAYMOND

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,284

Set by Hilbrian

To celebrate the centenary of Rimbaud (born October 20, 1854) readers are invited, for the usual prizes, to offer a translation in English verse of his *Rêvé pour l'hiver*. **Entries by October 12.**

RÊVÉ POUR L'HIVER

L'hiver, nous irons dans un petit wagon rose
Avec des coussins bleus.
Nous serons bien. Un nid de baisers fous repose
Dans chaque coin moelleux.

Tu fermeras l'œil, pour ne point voir, par la glace,
Grimacer les ombres des soirs,
Ces monstruosités hargneuses, populace
De démons noirs et de loups noirs.

Puis tu te sentiras la joue égratignée. . . .
Un petit baiser, comme une folle araignée,
Te courra par le cou. . . .

Et tu me diras: "Cherche!" en inclinant la tête,
—Et nous prendrons du temps à trouver cette bête
—Qui voyage beaucoup. . . .

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,281

Set by Maurice Cassel

The *Junior Mirror*, the *Junior Express*—and now the JUNIOR NEW STATESMAN? Competitors are invited to submit suitable contributions for any feature of this publication.

Report by Maurice Cassel

DEAR JUNIOR READERS: for a whole week your elders and relatives have neglected their job of competition winning to write your paper. It's going to be exactly like the big N.S.—only different. They've given you just what they want you to want—lots and lots of competitions. We've got enough ready for the next five years. There's of course the back page—

> PERSONAL. YOUTH, advanced views dead cert. State Schol., on run from reactionary parents, seeks adoption by enlightened family. Moderate chores undertaken. No baby-sitting Y.C.L. evenings. (K. Hemington.)

—and every week you have the chance to emulate "prize-winner Edwina Blishen whose earliest recollection is of sunshine on a white bedspread and silence, broken only by the sound of my father changing pseudonyms in the next rooms." (Granville Garley.)

Prizes (on the senior scale) are awarded to the following five, who share the six guineas. Runners-up, P. S. Summerscale, Bunwin and Brian White.

THIS (JUNIOR) ENGLAND

> My parents are always asking me to oil my tricycle; but I feel that there is something personal and lovable about its squeak. I can't explain it exactly, but the squeak somehow is ME. (*Letter in Horndith Prep. School Mag.*)
>
> It is not true that Eton boys have been punished for reading Proust during history lessons. Actually the forbidden work was one of the Billy Bunter series. (*Daily Yarn*).

ALLAN M. LAING

EDITOR'S CORNER

Dear Boys and Girls,

This week I want you to write me a short essay, 200 words, on "Black or White? Which Would You Rather Be?" I will give Encyclopaedias to the senders of the best six.

Now for some exciting news! We have sent our Junior Reporter, disguised as an ordinary schoolboy, to work in one of the new, modern Grammar Schools, and we will publish his reports each week, on the question of favouritism, and privilege for the "silver-spoon" boys, about which so many of you wrote. Ask your Father what "privilege" means, if you are doubtful. Our reporter writes under the name of "Explorator." Watch for his revelations!

So many poems about "Jets" and "H-Bombs" in last week's contest. Please, more about trees and clouds, children!

Have you sent for your "Juste Milieu" badges? Only a few left, so hurry!

VALERIE RANZETTA

LONDON DIARY

Everyone, it seems, is going back to School exept me, and I wish all my Grammar School freinds would go back on the same day as I go back to my progressive

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TO let for 6 months, furnished cottage N. Devon coast, mod. cons., sleep 5, £3 per week. Box 1122.

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GRAD., youngish, recently captured by industry, seeks congenial flat-like living space within driving distance of Luton (Hitchin, Harpenden or similar). Garage and ideas welcomed. Box 1195.

SENIOR Civil Servant, wife literary critic, daughter 13, req. flat, maisonette, part-house, furn./unfurn. Hampstead, Regent's Park, Chelsea pref. Max. 6gns. Box 1152.

UNF. acc. rqd. by Engl.-Danish couple. Final yr. med. stud. Lond. Box 1137.

TUTOR seeks bedroom near Regent's Park Tube Station. Box 1149.

UNIV. lecturer and wife want furn. accom. 1/2 rooms, bath, kitchen, from early October. Box 1112.

FURN. rm. in HAM./MAI./PRI. area, about 35s., rqd. by tchr. (F28). Box 1319.

YOUNG woman, Oxford grad., urgently seeks fur./unfur. accom., garret or basement within walking dist. Harley St. area. Pref. s.c., 1/2 rms., k. & b. House-trained. Reasonable rent. Box 1306.

WANTED: 4-room furn. flat with adequate heat, for couple, in W.1, W.2, E.C.1, E.C.2, S.W.3 or nearby. Box 1295.

YNG. woman sks. single room from Oct. 10, 30s. p.w., 4 mns. in advance. Box 1238.

RESPONSIBLE tenant seeks unfur. s/c flat, studio, maisonette, Kensington or near. Min. 3 rms., k. & b. Moderate rent. Will decorate. WES. 1272/Box 1156.

PAINTER requires studio, residential. Box 1115.

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HOTEL accommodation required at Christmas for family reunion (approx. 20) in London or Home Counties. Good food and comfortable beds essential. Box 1274.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

DULLES' visit to the Far East spelt danger. Read R. Page Arnot's article "Taiwan and Manila" in the October Labour Monthly, on the 5th Anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic. Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or 2 NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

NIMBUS, quarterly of Literature, the Arts and New Ideas (Vol. 2: No. 3), Autumn, 1954, just published, includes Articles by Jean Cocteau—"An Unknown Sexuality," David Wright—"The Work of George Barker," Ronald Hayman—"John Whiting and 'Marching Song'," Philip Toynbee, Eithne Wilkins, etc.; Stories by Hubert Nicholson and Georg Britting; Poetry by W. S. Graham—"The Ballad of Baldy Bane," Paul Valery, Paul Eluard, Herbert Read, Hugh MacDiarmid, etc.; Reviews by Bonamy Dobree, etc., and Art Feature. Obtainable from W. H. Smith & Son and all good bookshops or Room 130, Fulwood House, Fulwood Place, W.C.1. 68 pages large quarto at 2s. 6d.

MOST People Have Polio, says the report of an experiment which tells how poliomyelitis was reduced by 90% compared with no reduction in control groups. This article is one of many interesting articles in "The Farmer." Others include "Preventing Incurable Disease," by Dr. C. V. Pink; "Antics with Antibiotics"; "Stomachs to Spare." 2s. 6d. a copy, 10s. a year post free. Edited by Newman Turner, from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

"GUITAR News," bi-monthly, 5s. p.a. Dept. N, International Classic Guitar Assocn., 47 Clarence Street, Cheltenham.

"YOGA and Christianity"—Paper by Edward Hain, M.A., sent on receipt of 1s. 3d. in stamps. Apply the Y.P.S. School, 2 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3.

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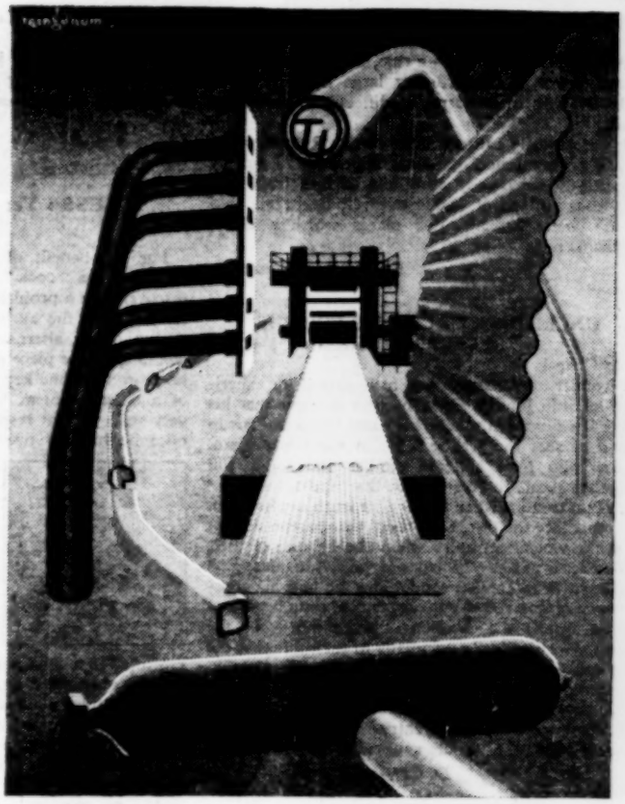

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school. I love long holidays, and I get them, but I get a bit lonely when my freinds are at School.

Although kittens are, as a rule, born in May, there seems to be an extraordinary large number about, and what with these wasps, its diffecult to keep them apart.

I was casually eating a piece of raw Rubarb, when Mr. Bock our school gardener appeared. I quickly dropped the rubarb expecting him to find fault with me, when instead of being annoyed he calmly said "don't waste Rubarb, one bit is worth a dozen Beechams pills."

EMILY ABERCROMBIE

UNCLE DICKY'S CORNER FOR THE CLEVERER KIDDIES

Hello Chaps!

I wonder how many of you have shared the experience of little Johnny D**k*n, who tells me that his father has promised to take his pants down and larrup him if he sees the J.N.S. & N. in the house again. Those who have suffered similar indignities will doubtless recall Ibsen's dictum that one cannot wear one's best trousers when fighting for truth and freedom. We must face the fact, I'm afraid, that parents are apt to strike violent attitudes when the balance of their prejudices is upset! "Shades of the prison house . . ."

I learn from another reader that he and his classmates have resolved to cut rugger next term by way of protest against the coercion of the minority by the majority—which leads eventually to such things as the card vote, and the dictatorship of the party leadership—not to mention the re-arming of the Germans. Keep it up, boys! And don't be unduly perturbed if your colleagues send you to Coventry. There are infinitely worse places! Yours avuncularly,

D. Cr*ssm*n

ERICA SCOTT

RESULT OF JUNIOR COMPETITION J.1.

Set by Jonathan Staggers

Competitors are asked to devise competitions suitable for the Junior New Statesman.

Report by Jonathan Staggers

A surprising breadth of entries, from the lowest, "2 gns. to the man with the longest list of swear-words" (Etonian), to the highest, "Translate into schoolboy French any twelve lines of Rimbaud" (Mudthorpe G.S.); from the aetherial, "Compute an approach orbit for Neptune given the following conditions: space-ship mass, 120,000 kilos," etc. (Draynefleet School of Art), to the down-to-earth, "What flannel would you pitch if you was found cracking a can by: Dan Dare, Hornblower, Biggles, Mickey Spillane" (Narkover). First prize is for the following gem:

"Suggest practical jokes suitable for when one of the following is being shown round the school: Miss Horsbrugh, Ronald Searle, Mr. Martin, Errol Flynn."

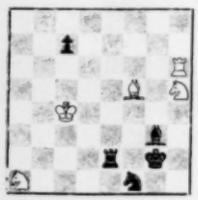
(Agatha, St. Trinians)

JONATHAN STAGGERS

CHESS: Yet Another Cookhunt

No. 261

For the benefit of the uninitiated I had better explain that a "cook" is the technical term for a flaw discovered in a problem or study. It may be either a refutation of the author's solution or the mere discovery of an alternative solution, a "dual"; that would spoil the piece just as badly, for there must be no more than one key to unlock the hidden treasures of a chess problem. Composers (and solvers!) are very strict in that respect, and I have no doubt that, once he has got over the shock of the bad news,



Frantisec Richter, one of the most eminent and ingenious of contemporary Czech composers will try very hard to cure the blemish one of our cracks discovered in this pretty piece. Richter got a 1st prize for it in a 1952 competition of *Ceskoslovensky Sach*, and it has since been reprinted in a good many Continental anthologies and papers, scrutinised by expert Juries and Editors and by thousands of no less expert solvers. Yet, it was only when it slipped into this column (No. 231) that C. Sandberg discovered a "dual." He, of course, was one of the original *kraftlösers*, so dubbed by Heuäcker when they "cooked" his favourite study, and, if my memory serves, Sandberg also had a share in one of our other great cookhunts (with Korolkov and Wotava as victims). Now let us first have another look at the author's solution. (1) B-R3 ch, K-R7. (2) B x Kt, R-K8. (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt8. (4) Kt-K2 ch, K x B. (5) Kt x B ch, K-Kt7. (6) Kt-B2, R-QB8. (7) R-KKt6! R x Kt ch. (8) K-Kt3! and wherever the R goes the Kt will catch him. The whole thing, what with two White pieces *en prise* most of the time is surely a delightful effort at keeping the material preponderance necessary to win, and there is certainly nothing wrong with the author's solution—nothing except that Sandberg found an alternative one, deviating on White's (3) Kt-B2! R x B. (4) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt8. (5) Kt-R3 ch, K-R7. (6) Kt-K3! R-B1 (only spot on the KB file). (7) K-Q3! Now, if the Black K stays on the KR file Kt-B2 ch, followed by two R-checks will win the R.

If (7) . . . B-Q3. (8) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt6. (9) Kt-K2 ch, K-B6. (10) R-R3 ch, K-B7. (11) R-R1! etc. If (7) . . . B-K8. (8) K-K2, R-K1 (best). (9) Kt-B2 ch, K-Kt6. (10) R-R3 ch, K-B5. (11) R-B3 ch and the B is lost. While in this variation, certainly Black's best, it may still be far from easy to demonstrate White's win, things run quite smoothly if the Black R stays on the 8th rank, say (6) . . . R-QR8. (7) K-Q3, B-K4. (8) K-K4, B-Kt2. (9) R-R7, R-R3. (10) Kt-B4 ch, B-R3. (11) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-Kt6. (12) Kt x B, R-R5 ch. (13) K-K3 and the Kt is taboo on account of R-Kt7 ch. This is by no means the whole of Sandberg's comprehensive analysis. However—unless someone manages to refute the refutor the main points seem to be proved.

A: Goldman 1953

In this week's competition the 4-pointer for beginners is a position reached in a lightning game at New York's Marshall Chess Club. White went gleefully after the Black Q by playing B-QKt4. How did Black turn the tables drastically? As for **B** and **C**—for 6 and 7 points respectively and both wins for White—it seems only fitting to do homage to the great composer now saddened by one little flaw in one of his many flawless pieces.

B: Frantisec Richter 1953

C: Frantisec Richter 1953

Usual prizes. Entries by October 11.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 258. Set September 11

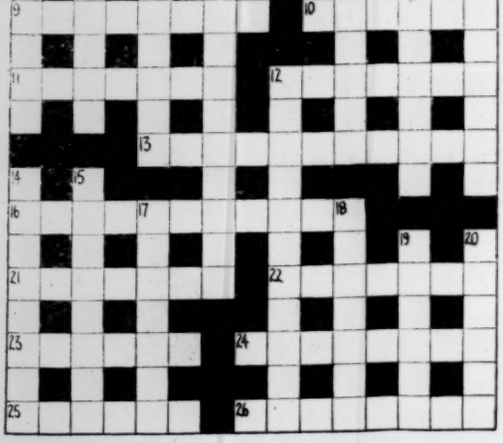
A: (1) Kt-K6 ! R-KKt1. (2) Kt(5) x KtP, R x Kt. (3) R x R ch., R x R. (4) Kt-B8, ch., etc.
If (1) . . . Q x Kt. (2) R x P ch., etc.
B: (1) P-Kt7, K-R4. (2) B-Kt5 ! R x B. (3) R-B5, etc.
If (1) . . . K-R6. (2) B-Kt3 ! R x B. (3) R-B3.
C: (1) R-B5 ch. ! P-Q4. (2) R x P ch., K-B3. (3) R x Kt ch. ! Q x R. (4) B-Q8 ch., K-K4. (5) B-B7 ch., K-Q5. (6) B-Kt6 ch., K-B6. (7) B-R5 ch. ! ! etc.

In **A** full marks for alternatives starting with R-Q1 or Kt x RP. Many stumped by **C**. Even so, a dozen correct solutions. Prizes shared by G. Dickson, J. M. Reid, A. J. Roycroft, H. Zygalski.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 120

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 120, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 12.



ACROSS

1. Wore drab clothes (8).
5. Quote me in return a kind of medicine (6).
9. Empty words in rhyme (8).
10. Primitive creature I love first (6).
11. The next remedy always makes use of the last (7).
12. It has its course in Asia and I tease students returning from it (7).
13. Shop-keeper who owes his start to the return of an explorer (11).
16. No more stars are hidden from them (11).
21. Edge a bowler; this may cause one's sudden departure (7).
22. There could be a race against time for this area (7).
23. Monkey in the rushes (6).
24. In great distances the motor returns wonderful performances (8).
25. Study in the middle of terrors (6).
26. In this material the fool includes nothing after the highest quality (8).

DOWN

1. Sinful, but equipped to spread the light? (6).
2. Hide-out leading up to a part of Venice (6).
3. Twice retired about a year in a secluded place (7).
4. Animal to suffer a peer (11).
6. If one has a reminder one is bound to keep people at heart (7).
7. Concerning a thesis started by the graduate (8).
8. In plans I love cars (8).
12. Ministers are an obscure collection of stars (11).
14. The youngster is thereabouts ready for a shave (8).
15. Rush madly and trample on a M.P. (8).
17. Kind of speaker who is possibly not dour (7).
18. You may call a person this to make certain about him turning up (7).
19. A bed granted by a friend? (6).
20. Repasts which have the safest ingredients (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 118

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 118

Canon O. M. Salmon (Banstead), H. R. Norman (Sheffield), R. A. A. Willens (Watford).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18–64 inclusive or a woman aged 18–59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. (I) Deputy Headmaster: Holloway School, Hilldrop Road (Camden Road), N.7. Headmaster, M. W. Brown, M.A. A secondary school for about 1,250 boys; the school is at present a grammar school which is being enlarged to become a comprehensive school from September, 1955. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1955. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £250 a year. The school will be filled at the outset by the pupils of the former grammar school, by transfers from neighbouring schools and by normal recruitment of boys of 11+. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced work in engineering and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience. They should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TSIO (Holloway) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer, (EO/TSIO), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 by Oct. 8. Post of Special Responsibility. (II) Deputy Headmistress: Putney County School, Mayfield, 92 West Hill, S.W.15. Headmistress, Miss M. Miles, B.A. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1955. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £350 a year. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Putney County School, Mayfield, is at present a grammar school which is being enlarged to become a comprehensive school for about 2,000 girls from September, 1955. The school will be filled at the outset by the pupils of the former grammar school, by transfers from neighbouring schools and by normal recruitment of girls of 11+. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including those leading to the G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced courses in catering, needlecraft and commerce. Application forms EO/TSIO (Putney) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TSIO), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 8. (1267)

B.B.C. requires Design Assistants for Television at Shepherds Bush. Candidates should be experienced draughtsmen, have some architectural training and knowledge of scenic construction methods. Ability to prepare perspective and visual drawings desirable. Salary £645 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £880 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "452 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires General Programme Producer in Cardiff. Duties include assisting in production of varying types of programmes including children's. Candidates must have good education, wide interests, good microphone voice and be prepared to travel the country. Knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Salary £645 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £880 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "430 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

LEEDS Council of Social Service. Applications are invited for the post of General Secretary to this Council. Qualifications and experience in social work essential. Commencing salary £550–£650 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Applications to be submitted to The Chairman, Kirkgate House, Church Row, Leeds, 2, not later than October 18 from whom forms and further particulars may be obtained.

MARRIED couple required to undertake control of beautifully situated unlicensed lakeside hotel in the Lake District, the man to manage the hotel, restaurant and estate and wife to be housekeeper. Full domestic staff provided. Preference given to persons with interest in mountaineering, rambling and similar open-air activities. Commencing joint salary £500 p.a. with full board and accommodation. Written applications supported, if possible, by two references should give full information of previous experience and should be sent to Ramblers Association Services, Ltd., 48 Park Rd., London, N.W.1.

NATIONAL Charitable Organisation needs a full-time Appeals Organiser with special responsibility of organising local committees. Apply Box 1304.

WANTED immediately, permanent secretary. Shorthand and typing. Apply in writing to President, Students' Union, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOROUGH of Swindon. Appointment of Neighbourhood Worker, Social Development Section. Applications are invited for the post of Neighbourhood Worker, Social Development Section of the Town Clerk's Department. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. IV of the National Scale (£580–£625). The Social Development Section has been set up to meet the social problems arising from the expansion of Swindon under the Town Development Act 1952, and in particular to meet the need to integrate incoming population with the existing community. The successful applicant will be required to reside on a new estate and will be expected to establish contact with incoming tenants, assist in meeting problems of adjustment, encourage the development of social activities, etc. Applicants must have a recognised Social Science qualification, be not less than 30 years of age and have had considerable experience in the field of social work. Applications, on forms obtainable from the Town Clerk, Civic Offices, Swindon, must be returned not later than October 12, 1954.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. Parent Guidance Clinic. Applications are invited from persons with suitable qualifications for a post of Social Worker in the Parent Guidance Clinic. This Clinic was established to deal with the problems of the pre-school child, and work is mainly with parents of young children. Salary —A.P.T. Grade III £550 – £595. Applications, giving age, details of qualifications and experience, together with names of two referees, to be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Council House, Birmingham, 3, by October 9, 1954.

MARRIED couple needed to take charge of small hostel for maladjusted girls (adolescent) in connection with Child Guidance Clinic, Dr. Barnardo's Village Homes, Barkingside, Essex. Joint salary £450 p.a. and all found. Apply Chief Officer, The Village Homes, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex.

LADY Cook/Caterer reqd. for the Home for Aged Jews, 165 beds; must be of the Jewish faith; experience of institutional work desirable; resident preferred; the person will be responsible through Matron for the ordering of provisions, control of kitchen staff, menu planning, supervision of cooking and preparation of meals. A recognised diploma would be an advantage. Telephone for appointment to Matron, PAT. 4177 or write c/o 105 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12.

STUDENT Trainee required for Canning Town Women's Settlement; to be trained for work in Old People's Welfare, Children's clubs and Family Casework, in return for board and lodging and small amount of pocket money. Write to the Warden, Settlement House, 4 Cumberland Road, E.13.

LEDSTON Hall School. Required in this residential school, a House Mother or Assistant Matron to help in the care of the health and clothing of 65 intelligent maladjusted boys. A nursing qualification is not essential. Further particulars and applic. form from the Headmaster, Ledston Hall School, Allerton Bywater, Castleford, Yorks.

ENGLISH-German shorthand-typist used to work on own initiative required by exporters. 5-day week, luncheon voucher scheme. Reply giving full details to Box 1241.

PART-time Shorthand-typist required by social work organisation. Write for particulars to Secretary, Stepney Family Service Unit, 71 Vallance Road, E.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Introductions to good perm. posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

FINE Art Booksellers (Bloomsbury) require intell. educ. shtd.-typist for clerical/secretarial work; high degree of accuracy essential. Good at figures. Write partics. age, educ., exper., salary reqd. Box 1307.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EX-Secretarial Officer, 24, interested Art, Antiques presentable, trained as Painter, sks. interesting job London. Box 1264.

YOUNG Indian woman (22), University & Western background, seeks any post of literary flavour. Assets: well-read, typing, driving, library experience, interested in people. Excellent refs. Box 1212.

YOUNG domesticated lady seeks resident post, pref. nursery school, where son 2½ welcome. Write Rowe, The Haven, Ninfield, Battle, Sussex.

ITALIAN girl, musician, desires post English family. Time for study. Box 1226.

OXFORD graduate, f., 21, resident London, presentable & adaptable, reqs. job mornings only. Anything consid. Box 1136.

NURSE would like interesting job 3 months com. Oct. Suggestions. Box 1117.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

PERSONAL

HOUSE in Normandy, with orchard, to sell or let. Box 1365.

GD. home & pocketmoney offered, exch. some help, babysitting. SPE. 6055.

WARDEN Universalist Internat. Centre needs active rural job, pref. Continent (some French, Ger.). Age 26, grad. econs./geog.; "liberal" deist, no church. Sometime forestry, commerce, Army educ. Box 1082.

FRENCH-Swiss family, Lausanne, desires P.G., age about 20. Reas. Box 1153.

JAPANESE student with Socialist sympathies would like to stay as p.g. with Engl. family & have English lessons. Box 1320.

QUIET work urgently required by composer unable make ends meet. Box 1254.

SMALLHOLDING. Partner and small amount of capital needed. Opportunity for someone interested in developing 8 acres of fertile land near London. Box 1076.

YOUNG man, South African European, with means and own car, seeks companion (m.) for leisurely European tour. Approx. 3 months' duration, starting about April, 1955. All expenses paid. Box 1111.

SPANISH Dancer has vacancies for adult beginners. PRI. 3124 after 6 p.m.

PIANO wanted by pianist, Steinway/Bechstein preferred. Box 706.

CANADA Collector seeks early works on Canada Books and maps English & French. Details to Box 1028.

MATHS. Oxford M.A., Teacher's Dip., coaches all standards to Inter. & Scholarship. Tel. Cross, PARk 8294.

PLANNING for Christmas; details from Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

DIPLOMAT who left documents, when being photographed by John Vickers, please collect same before enemy call to read meters. 29 Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

DRESSMAKING individually executed. Phone PRImrose 9338 evenings.

TOOLING-Up in the Nursery. Abbatt Toys are the tools with which children prepare themselves for successful school careers. Dept. N.S., 94 Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

WANT a painting? Contact Mary Turner, 68 Parliament Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 4382.

IN cases of Nervous Exhaustion try Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating therapy, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1, Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

ORDINARY Writing at 100-120 words per min. All langs. Test less. 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS, 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

SPEAK French, short intensive crse. basic conversn. 11 Charing X Rd. (opp. Garrick Theatre). Open 1-9.30 p.m. TRA. 2044.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Av., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

CHRISTMAS Cards. New designs 3d. to 1s. 6d. Call at The Caravel Press, Moxon Street, London, W.1, or samples post free.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7 KENsington 8042.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

PHYLLIS Perlow, Psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

WHY don't you write to Douglas V Morgan, private astrologer? Details s.a.e.: Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

HANNEN Beith, Photographer of Men, will take you in your home or at your office. For appointments ring WEL. 6655.

YOGA. Are you interested in Study and Practice of Yoga? Small group Sth. London. Full details please: Box 1243.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov, FLA. 4354.

PAUL Thiery, Graphologist (Gestalt). 1gn. with specimen. 52 York St., W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYS with Erna Low. Do you know that more than half the people who joined our Summer parties this year have been before or were recommended by others who have? Why not try an Erna Low Winter Holiday this year? Send now for a free copy of our 1954/5 booklet with suggestions for Winter Sports, Southern Sunshine Holidays, Week-end and Christmas parties. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225/6.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

WEEK-END Drawing and Painting in unspoilt surroundings near London; comfortable accommodation; well heated in cold weather; single or double rooms; all meals provided. Tuition if reqd. by experienced artists. (Beginners or advanced amateur or professional.) Box 1077.

SPEECH improved and accent corrected. Private lessons only. Free test. E B, 11-15 Clifton Gdns., W.9. CUN. 3035.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.S. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

CHARACTER aptitudes, temperamental-social adjustments, etc., expertly assessed from handwriting. Particulars: Box 1010.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

P.S. Harold Ingham's ski programme is now ready—secure your copy of the first edition giving details of Christmas and Easter parties at Bretaye and Obergurgl—16 days—28½gns. inclusive from 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Continental holiday now among loveliest beaches in the 'Delectable Duchy.' Fun bathing, safe golden sands, emerald pools, delightful caves. Sailing and boating in Italian-like villages. Finest surf bathing. Lovely Oct.-Nov. Salmon, trout. TV. Billiards, T. tennis, Children's room. Golf. Open all year. Remarkably sheltered 5 hrs. London. 9gns. except July-Aug. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright. Port Isaac 234.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; terms 5gns. weekly. Robertsbridge 148.

HORSTED Keynes, Sussex. Keynes Place, a charming country guest house offering a friendly atmosphere and excellent food in an unspoilt area of open heath, woodland and hammer ponds of the Sussex Weald. Easy access London and Brighton. Moderate Terms. Brochure on request. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Tel: Danehill 326.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and a cheerful friendly atmosphere. Club Licence. Sharpthorne 17.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accomm. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1, Island Rd.

A COTTAGE to Yourselves. During the winter you can enjoy the privacy of your own centrally-heated cottage with sitting room, bathroom and toilet, plus all amenities and meals of the Farringford Hotel from 8gns. each per week. Details from the Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. Ph. 312.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays, "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with H. & C. & gas/elec. fires; cosy evenings round the fire.

BROOKLANDS Farm, nr. Heathfield, Sussex: comfortable living quarters, farm produce, log fires, electric light & constant hot water. Special winter terms Oct.-March 4½gns. Tel. Rushlake Green 32111.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea and mountains; quiet, attractive situation; wholesome food, 5gns. weekly. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

JUSTINS Country Guest House, Bodiam, Sussex, with spacious, sunny rooms in secluded position overlooking historic castle, welcomes guests for long or short stays. Ideal for weekends. Tel. Staplecross 228.

MAJORCA. We welcome you to an informal winter holiday. Perfect scenery, good food and modern sanitation. English Management. Terms from mid-Dec. to mid-March 4½gns., incl. service. Write Mr. & Mrs. Frampton, Ca'n Quet, Deyá, Majorca.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HOUSE for sale, convenient to Manchester University, 4 bedrooms, garden, garage. £2,250. Box 1268.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30, Sunday Club 7.45. "Arden of Faversham."

ARTS (TEM. 3334) 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5.0 & 8.0. "Saint Joan." Mems.

UNITY Theatre (Eus. 5391).—"Dockers' Tanner." Fris., Sats., Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. a year.

IRVING Th., Lcics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

STOLL. Oct. 20-Nov. 13. Ingrid Bergman in Honegger's opera "Joan of Arc." Symph. Orch. Cast of 100. Dir. Rossellini.

GOOD Earth, international folk music club, Mons. 8 p.m. 44 Gerrard St., W.1. Isla Cameron, Theodore Bikel, Ken Colyer.

CELEBRATION. Empress Hall, 7 p.m., Sat., Nov. 6. Opening of British-Soviet Friendship Month, November, 1954: 37th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R. H.E. the Soviet ambassador will speak. Soviet guests include Khachaturian, Leonid Leonov. Soviet artists will perform. Medvedev's Estrada Orchestra. Tkts. 2s., 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Oct. 3: Ulanova in "Trio-Ballet" (U). From Oct. 4: Jean Gabin in "Pépé le Moko" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Oct. 2. Katherine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, in "Adam's Rib" (A). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 3, 7.30. "Madame De" (Cert. A) France.

SCALA Theatre. 7.30, Sun., Oct. 10. Soviet films: "Snow Maiden," "Chuk and Gek," "Paintings of Makovsky," "Two Legends." Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

CHINESE Film Premiere. "When the Grapes are Ripe" (Eng. Sub-titles). Scala Theatre, W.1. Fri., Oct 1, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s 6d., 10s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., Britain China Friendship Assn., 228 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1, or at door.

CLUB Vienna, 209 Baker St., W.1, opp. Station. Dancing every Saturday from 8-11.15 p.m. at London's Latest Continental Rendezvous. Cosmopolitan atmosphere. Espresso lounge. Admission 4s. before 8.30, 5s. after. Also Sunday Club.

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio. Saturday, October 2, 8-11 p.m. at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

THE Polish Cultural Institute presents a Chopin Commemoration Concert, Wigmore Hall, W.1, Sunday, October 17, at 3 p.m. Anne Wood Contralto, Martin Lawrence Baritone, Robin Wood Solo Piano. Prog. includes Songs Op. 74 and B Minor Piano Sonata. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Hall. WEL. 2141.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illus. catalogue 1s. post free. Reprint of G.S.P.5, Dufy's "Ascot 1935" now ready.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Paintings by Harold Cohen and Martin Bradley.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Sunday Painters. Arranged by Robert Melville. Closing Oct. 9. Mon-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., mems. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso Pottery. Closes October 9. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. 1st Exhibitions of Paintings by Roderic Barrett, John Bratby, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

SCULPTURE in the open air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Last day Oct. 2. Daily 10-dusk. Adm. 1s. 3d. Children 9d.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd., W.C.2. Recent drawings by Nigel Lambourne. Wkdays inc. Sats. 10-6.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Watercolours of Israel by Judith Yellin-Gaertner. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sundays 2-5. September 30 to October 10.

SCULPTURES of Nehru and Famous Indians, by Fredda Brilliant, are still on view at India House, Aldwych, W.C.2, until October 8. Weekdays 10-5. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Will Roberts, Bernard Dunstan, W. Barns-Graham.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Fenosa Sculptures, Paul Klee Water Colours. Until October 22.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Europeans seen through Native Eyes. Sculptures from Africa, Asia & America.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: British Painting & Sculpture, 1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

W. J. BRYCE, Ltd., Booksellers, 41, Museum St., London, W.C.1, have pleasure in exhibiting their stock of illuminated MSS. facsimiles. Scholars and Librarians will find a visit rewarding. Catalogue available. HOL. 5482.

AN EXHIBITION, "Aspects of French Design," will be held during the "French Fortnight," Oct. 4 to 15, in "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. It will include Modern French furniture and fabrics and a selection of pottery including the work of the group of potters at Vallauris.

CHINESE Books—Art, Technical, Children's: in English and Chinese. Fine new selection; some exhibition pieces, others for sale. Collet's new Book Gallery, 44, Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily (no Suns.) 11-6.30; October 2-28. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30, Bruton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Ben Nicholson. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CEZANNE. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till October 27. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Paintings by Mary Potter and Brooke Farrar. Drawings by Ronald Searle. 10-5.30.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday. Last day Sunday, October 3.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1, 8.15 p.m., October 5, Tuesday. Discussion: Young Novelists and our Society. Speakers: Margahanita Laski, J. D. Scott, John Wain, Angus Wilson. Chair: J. B. Priestley. Non-members only admitted if accompanied by a member. Oct. 7, Thursday. Lecture—Illustrated: Twentieth Century Sculptors of Paris School by David Sylvester. V. Giacometti. Members 2s., Guests 3s. Oct. 8, Friday. Jazz Series of six lectures on the Outlines of Jazz, Illustrated, 2 New Orleans Jazz—Past and Present, by Ken Colyer. Chair: Alexis Korner. Details of course and reduced fees from I.C.A. office, single meetings, 2s. 6d. members, 3s. 6d. guests. Membership invited.

"MOVEMENT in Pictures" lecture by Carel Weight, arr. Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Tuesday, October 5, 8.15 p.m. Finsbury Public Library, Skinner Street, E.C.1. (Nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue). Non-members 1s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Oct. 9 at 6 p.m. Dr. C. Ceciont. "Standard Italian" (In Ital.).

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., Oct. 6, 6.30. Sangha: Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. October 3: Theosophy Simply Stated.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, Oct. 3. Studio, 29 Addison Avenue, W.11 (Nr. Holland Park Stn.). Discourse by Hanworth Walker.

PERSONALIST Group. Discussion-Social. J. B. Coates on "Some Existentialist Definitions." 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., Oct. 6, at 7.30 p.m.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Oct. 5: "Reason and the Spiritual Life." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

WILLIAM Temple Association for C. of E. professional people. C. J. Morley Jacob on "Juvenile Delinquency," 7.30 p.m., Tuesday, October 5, St. George's Hall, Bourdon St., off Davies St., W.1. Enquiries: Secretary, 13 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission free. Oct. 12: The Decoration of a Roman House, Professor C. M. Robertson. Oct. 14: Characteristics of Norwegian Poetry, Mr. I. C. Grondahl. Oct. 19: The British North Greenland Expedition, 1952-54, Dr. H. E. Lewis. Oct. 21: Nuclear Disintegration, Dr. P. E. Hodgson. Oct. 26: Monopoly and Industrial Efficiency, Mr. H. Tout. Oct. 28: Drugs and Psychological Tests, Dr. Hannah Steinberg. Nov. 2: Philosophical Scepticism, Professor A. J. Ayer. Nov. 4: French Contributions to Science, Dr. D. McKie. Nov. 9: The Stand Against Scientific History: Schopenhauer to Collingwood, Dr. G. A. Wells. Nov. 11: A Visit to Mount Athos, Mr. R. H. C. Davis. Nov. 16: Activity in the Sun's Atmosphere, Professor C. W. Allen. Nov. 18: Homer and the Mycenaean Tablets, Professor T. B. L. Webster. Nov. 23: George Orwell, Professor James R. Sutherland. Nov. 25: Insects and Disease, Mr. J. P. Stevenson. Nov. 30: Psychology and Literary Criticism, Dr. B. A. Rowley. Dec. 2: The Magical Statuettes of Ancient Egypt, Mr. A. J. Arkell. Dec. 7: Shakespeare Under Censure, Dr. T. J. B. Spencer. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped env. reqd.)

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Utopia is worse than Barbarism." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun. Oct. 3: 6.30.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Programmes of Art Films for Adults. Sundays at 3 p.m. on Oct. 3, 10, 17 and 24. Admission free. Oct. 3: "Looking at Sculpture," "Henry Moore," "The Horrors of War." (1281.)

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Richard Eveley: "Combating Monopoly." Wed. October 6, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns. W.11. Fri. Oct. 1, 6.30-8 p.m. Russian Conversation. 8 p.m. Miss E. Gourvitch, "The Possessed" (Dostoievsky).

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., Oct. 8, Miss I. B. Horner: "The Sixth Great Buddhist Council at Rangoon." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

GET ready for next General Election. Hampstead Parliament, estd. over 50 years, reopens Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, Tues., Oct. 5, 8.15. Thereafter Weds. 8.15 until March. Subs. £1 1s., Stud. 10s. 6d. All parties & independents. Details Miss S. Dobson, 63 Kensington Gardens Sq., W.2.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 5, Narada Thera (Head of British Buddhist Community), "The Essence of Buddhism." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Oct. 1: Miss L. Gerard, "Problems of Personal Life." Friday, Oct. 8: Mr. E. T. MacMichael, "Circuses—Kindness or Cruelty?" Adm. free.

"ART Education in the London Region." W. G. Stone, Director of Education, Brighton C.B., at open meeting of London A.T.T.I., Garnett College, 83 New Kent Rd., S.E.1, 10.30 a.m., Saturday, October 9.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Oct. 3, Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., "Is there a moral equivalent of war today?" Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

"JEWS and Arab Nationalism." World Jewish Congress, British Section, Jewish Forum. Speakers: S. J. Goldsmith, Jon Kimche, Major H. Legge-Bourke, M.P., Dr. S. Levenberg. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43/44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Tues., October 5, 8 p.m.

GENERAL Zionists: Vice-Chairman Moshe Vilensky, well-known Hebrew scholar, reports on visit to Israel, at Anglo-Israeli Club, 44 Gt. Windmill St., Piccadilly Circus. Mon., October 4, at 8.15 p.m. Chairman: Samuel Landman. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

REPORT on South Africa by Canon L. John Collins. Chairman: Victor Gollancz. Central Hall, Westminster, Wednesday, October 6, 7.15 p.m., doors open 6.15. Buffet available. Questions invited. Tickets 2s. 6d. res., 1s. unreserved from Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct., E.C.4, or from Central Hall. Many free seats available.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SOCIALISM, Power and World Relations. Fabian Autumn Lects., Livingstone Hall, Westminster, fr. Oct. 26. Sir Richard Acland, P. M. S. Blackett, J. Bronowski, R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker, Christopher Mayhew, Hugh Seton-Watson, Francis Williams. Dets.: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

WHAT is Wrong with Labour's Education Policy? Fabian Week-end School. Wilton Park, Steyning, November 5-7. Austen Albu, H. D. Hughes, Ritchie Calder, Horace King, W. A. Claydon (Grammar School), M. G. Green (Comprehensive School), Eric James (Independent School). Details from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

THE Craft of Writing. 8 public lectures Tues. at 6.30, beginning Oct. 12. Lecturers: Alan Pryce-Jones (Criticism), L. P. Hartley (Novel), W. R. Rodgers (Poetry), Sir Harold Nicolson (Biography), Elizabeth Bowen (Novel), R. C. Sherriff (Drama), L. A. G. Strong (Short Story), Kingsley Martin (Journalism). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Single lectures 2s. 6d. Tickets and details from Secretary, Morley College, 61, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1 (Wat. 6872).

AT Pendley: Nov. 5-7: The Shape of History in Shakespeare—Course conducted by Roy Walker: Reading and Discussion on the Historical Plays: Visit to Old Vic. Fee: £3. Nov. 19-21: The Origins, Science and Romance of Foxhunting: Habits and behaviour of foxes: Principles of hound breeding: Visit to kennels and stables. Fee: £3. Nov. 27 and 28: Flower Decoration in Autumn and Winter: Demonstrations and Practical Sessions by Constance Spry, Ltd. Fee £1 15s. Dec. 11 and 12: The Concerto: The History of the Concerto—Neil Saunders: The Viola—Bernard Shore: Reading the Score—William Johnson. Fee: £1 15s. Full particulars of all courses from The Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302).

"THE Visual Arts in England." Series of Ten University Extension Lectures at Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Road, Kensington, beginning Wednesday, October 6, at 7.30 p.m. Fee for course 7s. 6d. Apply above address.

THE Circle of Wine Tasters announce a series of Winter Wine Lectures (with tasting) by prominent shippers. Details from T. A. Layton, President, 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), London, W.1. WEL. 0709.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 417 and 419

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